

ZINOVIEFF.—AND THE ELECTION.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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ORVIETO	12,133	Nov. 8	Nov. 14	Nov. 16	ORMUZ	14,588	Feb. 21	Feb. 27	Mar. 1
ORAMA	20,000	Nov. 15	Nov. 21	Nov. 23	ORAMA	20,000	Mar. 7	Mar. 13	Mar. 15
OSTERLEY	12,129	Dec. 6	Dec. 12	Dec. 14	ORSOVA	12,036	Apl. 4	Apl. 10	Apl. 12
ORMONDE	14,853	Jan. 3	Jan. 9	Jan. 11	ORVIETO	12,133	May 2	May 6	May 8
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The health doctor will tell you

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In crowded places you are certain to get dangerous germs on your hands. It is almost impossible to avoid touching your mouth or nose.

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The antiseptic odour tells you that germs cannot live in this wonderful lather. The Lifebuoy health ingredient penetrates deep down into every pore, combating all germ life and leaving the skin splendidly awake, sweet, and safe.

This Lifebuoy odour vanishes completely as soon as its sanative work is accomplished.

Mothers—your husband and children are peculiarly subject to colds, or worse, just now, because their bodies are not yet prepared for cold weather and so offer less resistance to germs. For their protection, place a cake of Lifebuoy at every place where hands are washed and see that it is used constantly.

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Every "Mellin's Food Baby" is an example to mothers of the results of right feeding. Contentment, happiness, firm flesh, sturdy limbs, and all-round progress—these are the signs that tell a mother that Mellin's Food is the right food for her treasure.

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Mellin's Food

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MELLIN'S FOOD BISCUITS, which contain Mellin's Food, are invaluable during the weaning period.



A
Mellin's Food
Baby.

BABY JOAN OF SHREWSBURY.

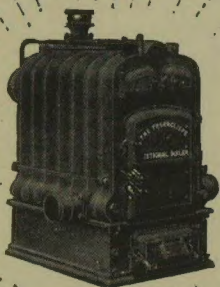
"We are proud to be able to send this photograph of our baby Joan," writes the mother and father; "she is a fine healthy girl, and we cannot praise Mellin's Food too much after what it has done for her."

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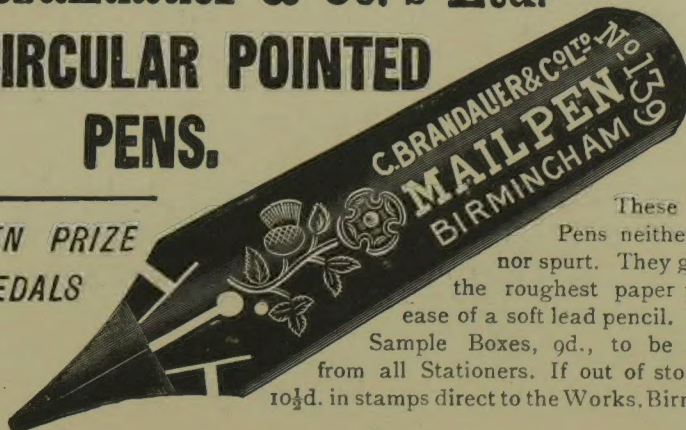
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LITERARY SPIRIT SERIES No. 12.

"ODDFELLOWS ARMS," Caldbeck:—The scene of many meets of the veteran huntsman, John Peel, who died at a ripe old age in 1854. In a room in this plain little inn was written the famous hunting song, 'D'ye ken John Peel' which has immortalized the old fox-hunter and his hounds.

Johnnie Walker :

"People still sing 'D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so grey'."

Shade of John Peel :

"Aye! but they don't sing about you, they shout for you."

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1924.

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STATED BY THE FOREIGN OFFICE TO BE THE AUTHOR OF A LETTER TO THE BRITISH COMMUNIST PARTY INSTRUCTING BRITISH SUBJECTS "TO WORK FOR THE VIOLENT OVERTHROW OF EXISTING INSTITUTIONS IN THIS COUNTRY": M. ZINOVIEFF, PRESIDENT OF THE THIRD (COMMUNIST) INTERNATIONAL IN MOSCOW.



SIGNATORY OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE
NOTE OF PROTEST: MR. J. D. GREGORY,
OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

ON October 24—only five days before the General Election—a great political sensation was caused through the publication, by the Foreign Office, of its official Note of protest (signed by Mr. J. D. Gregory in the absence of the Prime Minister) addressed to the Soviet Chargé d'Affaires, M. Rakovsky, regarding "a letter received by the Central Committee of the British Communist Party, from the Presidium of the Executive Committee of the Communist International, over the signature of M. Zinovieff, its President, dated September 15." The text of the Zinovieff letter was published at the same time, and a copy of it was enclosed with the Foreign Office protest, which went on to say: "The letter contains instructions to British subjects to work for the violent overthrow of existing institutions in this country, and for the subversion of his Majesty's armed forces as a means to that end." In reply to the Foreign Office Note M. Rakovsky transmitted a Note from M. Litvinoff in Moscow denouncing the Zinovieff letter as "an impudent forgery," and demanding, "in view of the use of this forgery in an official document . . . an adequate apology and the punishment of . . . persons involved in the forgery." Mr. Ramsay Macdonald stated on October 27 that the Foreign Office had published the letter and protest sooner than he expected.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.A. AND BARRATT.



INSTRUCTED TO DENOUNCE THE
ZINOVIEFF LETTER AS "AN IMPUDENT
FORGERY": M. RAKOVSKY.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WE all know the man who, when puzzled by something which he thinks is not modern, meaning that it is not materialistic, cries out in a sort of exultant exasperation, "But this is the twentieth century!" In one sense he is right to make it a boast of the twentieth century, for nobody was ever so benighted and bigoted in the twelfth century. In that age men had many minor superstitions and many symbolical tricks with numbers. They would have been quite capable of making a mathematical pattern out of the Twelve Apostles and the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac. But it never occurred to them to accept the abject superstition that they themselves were in some way sacred beings because they were born in a century marked by the number twelve; or to suppose that this alone made them superior to men in a century marked by the number ten or the number six. But when we penetrate below this mere boast of the passage of time, or the accumulation of centuries, it is very difficult to discover precisely what the boisterous gentleman of the twentieth century really means. Sometimes he really talks as if a ghost or a goblin might exist in the twelfth century but not in the twentieth. Sometimes he seems not so much to mean that ghosts or goblins or gods cannot exist, as rather that he is happy in being a "hard-headed" or impenetrable person who cannot be asked to believe in them.

Read a magazine mystery story, natural or preternatural (I, for one, must have read a thousand), and you will find something very curious about the mental attitude of the author, and especially of those characters whom he wishes to present as very scientific or very sane. It seems somehow as if it could be possible for the psychical thing to happen, and yet rational for the rationalists to deny it. This double and confused state of mind is like those transformation scenes in the old pantomimes, in which a plain front scene like a street, or the cottage of the Widow Twankey with the mangle or the water-butt, was slowly transfigured and turned transparent by a more shining scene within, with all the lights and colours of the court of the fairies. The two contradictory scenes seemed to co-exist; it was almost as if the spectator saw one scene with one eye and one with the other. So it would be hard just now to say whether it is the modern fashion to deny that there are spirits anywhere, or the modern fashion to see them everywhere. Both fashions exist simultaneously, and neither is much more than a fashion. The mangle, the machine of the great material sciences, may look very solid; but nothing can prevent it looking thinner and thinner against anything that looks like a light through the veil of material things. The light may be very promising for those who are sure it will soon reveal the fairy queen's court; but it is not clear enough to satisfy some who suspect it of coming from the demon king's kitchen. In this state of transition and a double vision of things, it is very difficult to discuss certain facts or statements common to the spiritual history of all mankind. Doubt is still respectable, even while faith is fashionable. And the whole problem of many lives is how to be fashionable without ceasing to be respectable.

Everybody has noticed in the newspapers how the very pretence of rationalistic orthodoxy has been dropped. All sorts of psychical phenomena are paraded not merely in paragraphs but in headlines. And they are now given as news and no longer merely as views. I do not say that the editor would go to

the stake for the truth of the statements. It is just barely possible that he would hesitate to do so for a good many of his other statements. I do not say that the reporter is ready to swear in the sight of heaven to the accuracy of this incident as reported in the paper. It would be a good deal to say of the accuracy of any incident reported in the paper. The newspaper-reader, not to mention the newspaper-writer, may well in that sense be sceptical about the preternatural news. He may be as sceptical about the preternatural news as he is about the natural news, about the political news and the financial news, and especially the foreign news. But that is not the point; the point is the new relation between the preternatural and the natural. And the difference is that they are now both taken naturally. We may not believe that a cripple was cured by faith or that a house is haunted by fairies; and we may not believe that Mr. Lloyd George was received with a glow of

in private conversation. It would have required a moral courage bordering on madness for him to have expressed the same belief in a public print. Of course, there were always Spiritualists, as there were always Flat Earthers or the Peculiar People who were put in prison for letting their children die without a doctor. But these were not only very minute minorities, but (what is more important) they were in the moral sense very exceptional exceptions. We old Victorians never dreamed of supposing that they could have any influence, any more than the men who thought the earth was flat—or, for that matter, the men who thought that they themselves were made of glass. We thought the Peculiar People were very peculiar people. But they are by no means so peculiar nowadays. The doctrine of Christian Science involved in exactly the same way the idea of doing without a doctor for which these poor people were put in prison. Of course, they were put in prison

because they were poor people; and the Christian Scientists are not put in prison because they are generally rich people. But it is none the less remarkable to note that the rich people can now tend to be Christian Scientists. That means that the whole order of ideas has become infinitely more plausible and acceptable. The different fates of the dwindling minority of the Peculiar People and the swell mob of the followers of Mrs. Eddy is itself a working model of the way in which the whole situation has been reversed, like an hour-glass suddenly turning over.

Indeed, the phrase with which I began, the foolish phrase about the numerical title of the epoch, was really rather characteristic of the last century than the present one. It was really rather our fathers and grandfathers who said, "Nobody can believe such nonsense in the nineteenth century." And a true prophet would have answered them, "No; but many will believe it in the twentieth century." Probably, as a matter of fact, the real paradise of perfect rationalism was the eighteenth century. The French Revolution was not really the beginning of an epoch. It was rather the end of an epoch. Its huge upheaval and even its heroic sacrifices let loose all the mystical and imaginative elements which it set out to deny. Napoleon set out to fight for reason and turned fighting into romance. Still, the nineteenth century, which was romantic compared with the eighteenth century, was rationalistic compared with the twentieth century. The only point here is that it is now the fashion to talk of faith healing and even of faith. But I hope you and I do not take our faith from fashion.

Some of us would prefer to be no longer swept off our feet by any fashion or blown about by any wind of doctrine; we should prefer to be able to form a historical and human conclusion upon the whole matter. And nothing like a historical or human conclusion is possible if we are to praise every accidental or arbitrary custom as it turns up. If the optimists mean that something worthy in humanity can probably continue to co-exist with any custom or fashion, they are probably quite right. But if they mean that, they do not say it. What they say is a weird confusion between the idea that something must be said at the modern moment and the idea that the modern moment will last for ever; that it is only valuable in being new and yet that it can never grow old; a hotch-potch of time and eternity out of touch with the very notion of truth.



THE IRISH REPUBLICAN LEADER TWICE ARRESTED IN ULSTER: MR. DE VALERA LEAVING THE BARRACKS AT NEWRY IN CUSTODY OF THE ULSTER CONSTABULARY.

Mr. De Valera, the leader of the Irish Republicans, was arrested by the Ulster Constabulary on October 24 in the vestibule of the Town Hall at Newry, where he had been advertised to speak at a meeting. He had managed to elude the cordon of police drawn round the town, it is said, by disguising himself and leaving off his horn-rimmed spectacles. The Ulster Government had announced that if he entered their territory he would be served with notice to quit, and would be arrested if he disobeyed. As M.P. for South Down in the Northern Parliament, he claimed a right to meet his constituents at Newry. On the day after his arrest he was released and escorted over the Ulster boundary by police. He went to Dublin, but soon returned to Ulster, and was re-arrested at Londonderry on October 26. Later he was put in gaol at Belfast.—[Photograph by Topical.]

affection by all his old Liberal comrades, or that every Conservative is ready to follow Lord Birkenhead to the death. But the point is that we read about Faith Cures exactly as we read about Party Reunions. There is one paragraph about the *poltergeist* and another about the politician. There is no longer any real affectation of distinguishing between them, in the sense of dismissing one as impossible and accepting the other as certain.

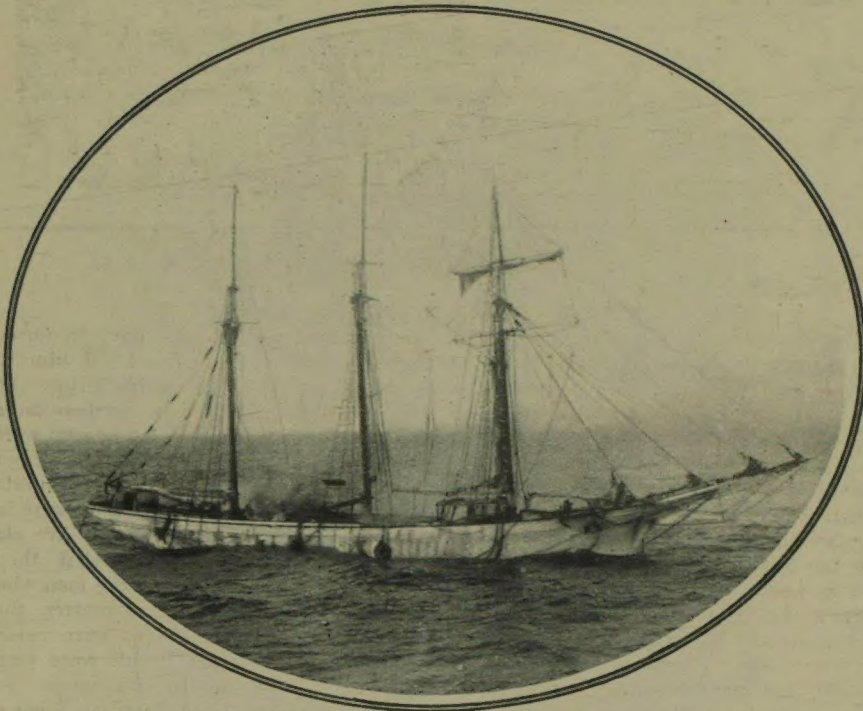
The veneer of Victorian scepticism had, indeed, for some time been wearing thin. But I can remember the time, not so very long ago, when that Victorian scepticism was assumed everywhere as a part of Victorian respectability. It required some moral courage for a man to express a belief in ghosts, even

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

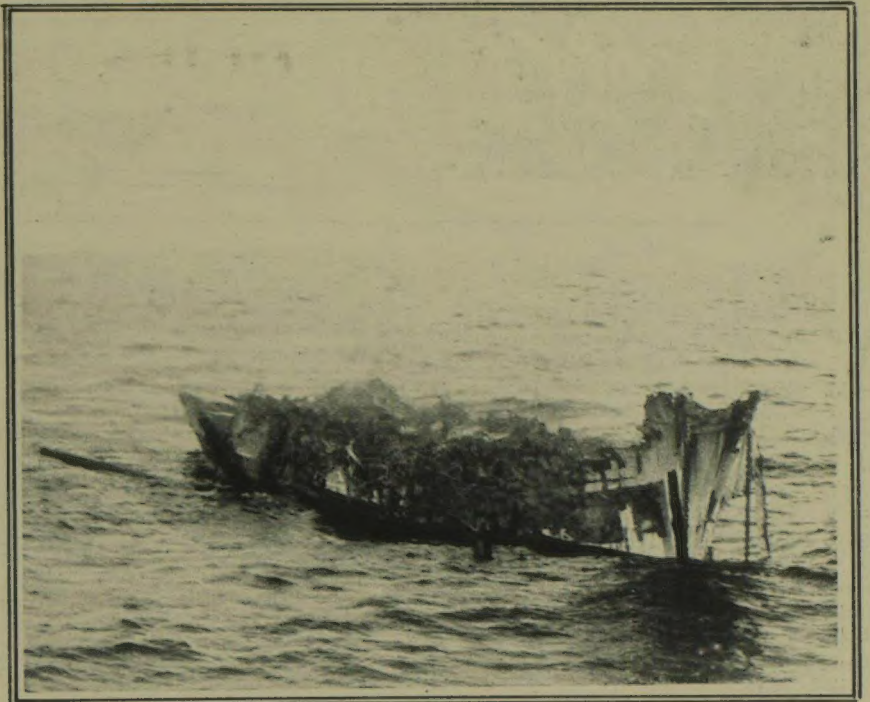
Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 852, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

CURIOSITIES IN RECENT NEWS: A PAGE OF UNCOMMON HAPPENINGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A. AND C.N.



A "RUM RUNNER" BURNING OFF THE AMERICAN COAST: THE FRENCH SCHOONER "ANNE ANTOINETTE" SET ON FIRE BY A LIGHTED CIGARETTE DROPPED INTO A POOL OF ALCOHOL.



AFTER BEING SHELLED BY A UNITED STATES COASTGUARD CUTTER AS A DANGER TO NAVIGATION: THE CHARRED HULK OF THE "ANNE ANTOINETTE," WHOSE CREW WERE RESCUED BEFORE THE FIRING.



OSTRICH RACES AT PRAGUE: THE FINISH OF A TROTTING RACE—"HILDA B" PASSING THE POST.



THE FIRST TREE CARRIED BY AIR: LOADING IT INTO AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS AEROPLANE AT CROYDON, FOR PARIS.



OSTRICH RACES AT PRAGUE: "GREAT SPORT," WINNER OF THE OSTRICH "DERBY," GOING TO THE POST.



WITH BANNERS WARNING CIVILIANS OF THE DIABOLICAL CHARACTER OF CHEMICAL WARFARE: SAILORS IN GAS-MASKS IN A CHARITY PAGEANT, DEVONPORT.

The first two photographs illustrate a curious incident that took place recently at sea off the American coast, some seventeen miles from Sea Girt, New Jersey. According to the information supplied with the photographs, the French schooner "Anne Antoinette," a "rum-runner" with a cargo of 5000 cases of spirit, was set on fire by a lighted cigarette falling into a pool of alcohol. The crew of eight men were rescued by another ship, and then the United States Coast-Guard Cutter "Gresham" fired twenty-one 1-lb. shells into the charred hulk. The captain of the "Gresham," it is reported, said that he sank the schooner because she was a danger to navigation.—An ostrich race meeting was held at Prague



A NOVELTY AT THE NATIONAL HUNT MEETING AT SANDOWN PARK: A WOMAN OPERATING A TOTALISATOR, WHICH WAS ESPECIALLY POPULAR WITH WOMEN.

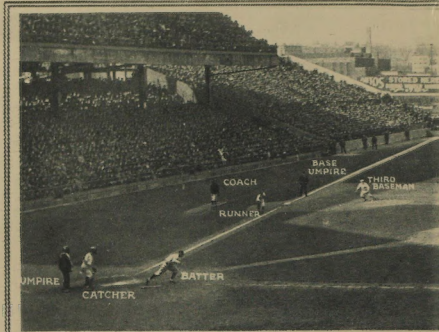
on October 19. In some events the birds were ridden by jockeys, and in others driven from light vehicles, as in a trotting race.—At Croydon Aerodrome the other day a tree was sent by aeroplane to Paris. It was the first time that a tree has ever been carried by air.—At Devonport on October 25 a Naval and Marine Pageant, in which a thousand officers and men took part, was held on behalf of the Naval Churches and Orphanage Homes. Our photograph shows a "Gas War" car in the procession.—A novel sight at Sandown Park, at the National Hunt Meeting on October 25, was a totalisator operated by a woman. She did a good deal of business, especially with other women.

EXHIBITING THE NATIONAL GAME OF THE UNITED STATES: TWO "CRACK" AMERICAN BASEBALL TEAMS IN ENGLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, WESTERN
NEWSPAPER UNION, SPORT AND GENERAL, CENTRAL PRESS, AND C.N.



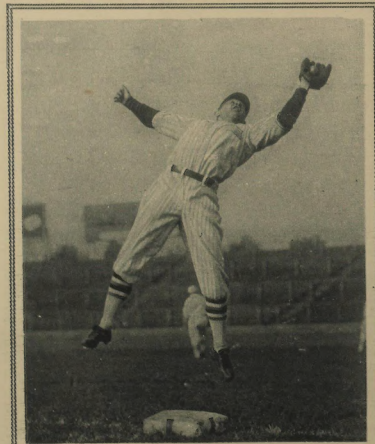
AT THE HOME PLATE: (L. TO R.) THE UMPIRE, CATCHER (SIGNALLING TO THE PITCHER) AND BATTER (ABOUT TO STRIKE AT THE BALL) DURING THE LIVERPOOL MATCH—NEW YORK GIANTS v. CHICAGO WHITE SOX.



BROOKLYN v. CLEVELAND (IN U.S.): JOHNSTON (THE BATTER) LEAVING THE HOME SECOND, BURNS (CENTRE BACKGROUND) BETWEEN SECOND AND THIRD, AND



NEW YORK GIANTS v. CHICAGO WHITE SOX AT STAMFORD BRIDGE: A FIELDER AT A BASE, HAVING CAUGHT THE BALL, ABOUT TO TOUCH WITH IT A RUNNER, SLIDING IN TO THE BASE.

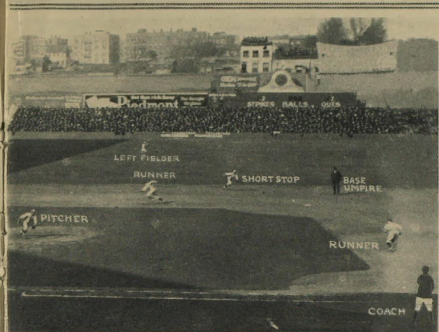


AT STAMFORD BRIDGE: A HIGH LEFT-HANDED CATCH BY ONE OF THE "GIANTS" FIELDING AT A BASE (MARKED BY THE SQUARE, HASSOCK-OBJECT ON THE GROUND).



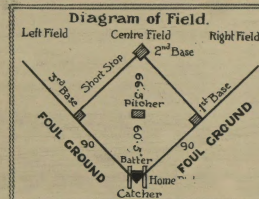
SEEN THROUGH NETTING TO PROTECT THE SPECTATORS: THE HOME PLATE AT STAMFORD BRIDGE, SHOWING (L. TO R.) THE UMPIRE, CATCHER AND BATTER, AND THE PITCHER BEYOND—(IN EXTREME LEFT FOREGROUND) THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

In the United States, baseball, the national game, attracts far bigger crowds and causes much greater or, at any rate, more boisterous enthusiasm than does football over here. Two of the most famous American baseball teams—the New York Giants and the Chicago White Sox—landed at Liverpool on October 22, to play exhibition matches in this country with a view to enabling British spectators to understand and appreciate the game. Each team of nine men was accompanied by six reserves. The players are University graduates, and, it is said, receive salaries averaging from £3500 to £6000 a year. They are all married (four being on their honeymoon), and have all brought their wives. The trip is their annual holiday, and they are drawing no pay here, but proceeds of the matches go to the King Edward VII. Hospital Fund. Much of the credit for organising the visit is due to the American Legion in London. As one

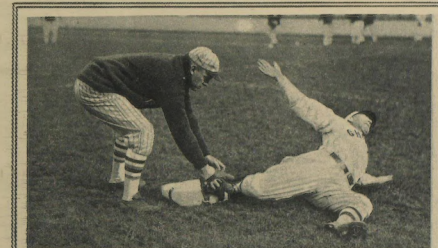


PLAY FOR FIRST BASE, GARDNER (EXTREME RIGHT) STARTING FROM FIRST TO JAMIESON (LEFT BACKGROUND) STARTING FROM THIRD FOR HOME.

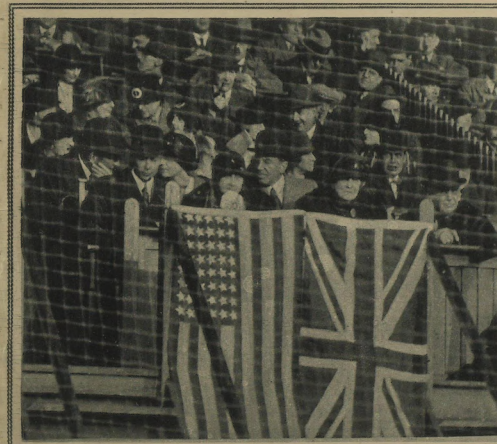
base, say advance from first to second base, and he must advance when the batter hits a 'fair' ball, unless there is an empty base behind him. When a runner advances safely to 'home plate' he scores. A runner declared out on the bases is signalled by the umpire with a sweeping wave of the hand. Three men 'put out' retires the team from 'bat' to the field."



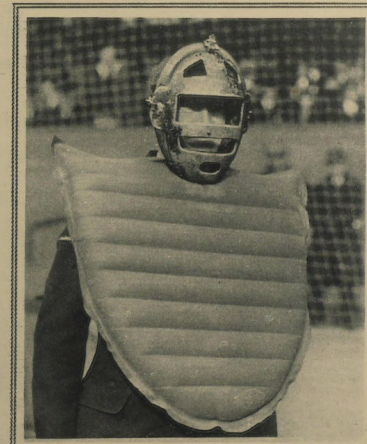
OUT AT THE HOME PLATE AFTER TRYING TO "STEAL" A BASE: (L. TO R.) THE BATTER, A RUNNER (PROSTRATE, TOUCHED BY THE CATCHER WITH THE BALL WHILE "SLIDING" IN), THE CATCHER, AND THE UMPIRE.



IN THE FIRST EXHIBITION GAME—NEW YORK GIANTS v. CHICAGO WHITE SOX—AT LIVERPOOL: MOSTIL (CHICAGO, RIGHT) OUT AT THE FIRST BASE, TOUCHED WITH THE BALL BY BENTLEY (NEW YORK) WHILE SLIDING IN.



ROYAL SPECTATORS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE SEATED BEHIND NETTING, WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES IN FRONT: (L. TO R.) THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK, MRS. KELLOGG, AND MR. KELLOGG (THE U.S. AMBASSADOR).



WITH BODY PAD, AND A METAL VIZORED HELMET LIKE A MEDÆVAL KNIGHT'S THE UMPIRE AT STAMFORD BRIDGE WEARING HIS PROTECTIVE "ARMOUR."

of the players explained in an interview: "During the last ten years the character of baseball has entirely altered. It is now so popular and well paid that an entirely new type of professional has come to the front." The two teams played their first match in Liverpool on October 23 (when Chicago won by 16 runs to 11), and the second in London, at Stamford Bridge, on the 24th, when the Duke and Duchess of York were among the spectators. The American Ambassador, Mr. Kellogg, and his wife were also present. On that occasion the New York Giants won by 3 runs to 2. The speed and accuracy of the throwing and catching were very remarkable. It was stated that the third match, at Stamford Bridge on November 6, will be attended by the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales (on his return from America), and Prince Henry. The above explanation of baseball is abridged from the American Legion's version.



THE PIONEER OF PHYSICS: ROGER BACON 1292.

William Bragg has written for us, condensing his lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. The first three

This is the fourth of the series of six articles which Sir

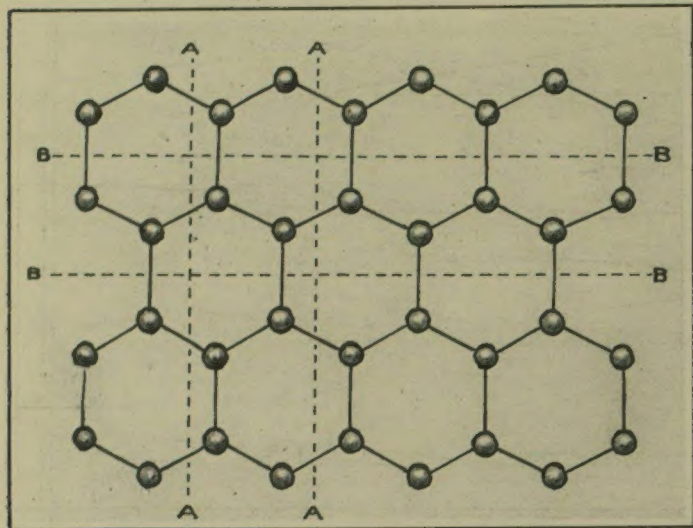


FIG. 9.—CONTAINING THE HEXAGONAL FRAMEWORK OF THE DIAMOND: A GRAPHITE SHEET SHOWING THE DIVISION INTO THE TWO KINDS OF CHAIN MOLECULES (A A AND B B).

articles appeared in our issues of Oct. 11, 18, and 25 respectively, and the remaining two will follow in later numbers.

WE have seen that when the effects of heat motion sufficiently overpower the forces of mutual attraction between the molecules, the latter may have an independent existence and form a gas: and, further, that when the forces have gained somewhat the upper hand the molecules may cling together and still retain a considerable freedom of motion; the substance is then a liquid. We have now to consider a final stage in which the molecules are so locked together that no molecule can move from its position. It is, let us say, tied to the next molecule at more than one point, so that the whole structure is rigid or solid: fastened

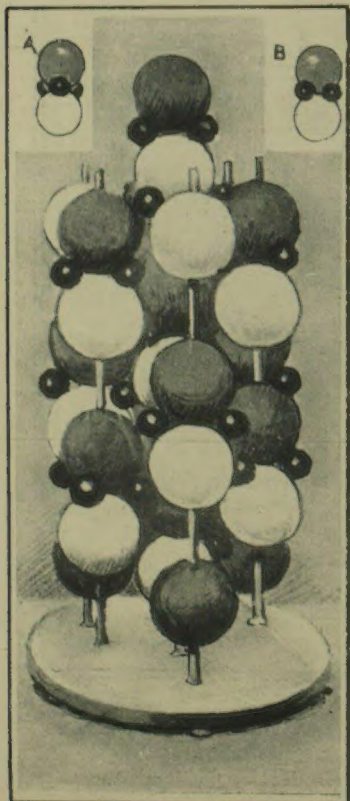


FIG. 11.—CONTAINING TWO ATOMS OF ALUMINIUM AND THREE OF OXYGEN: THE RUBY MOLECULE—A, ONE SIDE OF A MOLECULE; B, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SAME MOLECULE.

THE ATOM AND THE NATURE OF THINGS.

IV.—THE NATURE OF CRYSTALS: THE DIAMOND.

By SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, K.B.E., D.Sc., F.R.S., M.R.I., Fullerton Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, and Director of the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory.

Is every solid body a crystal therefore? The answer to the question is that it tries to be, and is in general far more successful than usually appears. Some things are obviously crystalline, such as quartz or, as it is sometimes called, rock crystal (Fig. 2). *Krystallos* is the Greek for both quartz and ice. Other substances are less obviously of crystal form. Such are the metals which usually show no regularity of outer form, but do so under certain circumstances: in all cases, the crystalline structure can be proved by the use of X-rays. And, again, there are many cases where X-rays alone can show the crystalline structure which otherwise would be overlooked, as, for example, in a film of paraffin wax melted on to a plate.

One or two experimental illustrations of the process of crystallisation may be given. An old and well-known example is shown in Fig. 1. The sodium acetate which is dissolved in the liquid is very ready to crystallise: all the molecules are ready to set to partners and are only waiting for someone to begin. A little encouragement is given by dropping in a minute crystal of the substance, which sets an example to the rest, and the crystals are seen to grow quickly until the whole mass is really solid. Or, again, we spread a very

This is exactly what the X-rays enable us to do: they give us the distances between the various sets of planes. The mode in which the measurement is made is somewhat difficult to understand without some knowledge of the physics of wave motions: but perhaps the model shown in Figs. 3A and 3B will be of some assistance. The model consists, in the first place, of a table on which spots are painted at regular distances: they represent the pattern units in the crystal. Stencils made of thin sheet lead are cut to represent waves. On the left of the picture the waves are supposed to be rolling in on the crystal, and the stencils are, of course, arranged to be in step with each other. The successive sheets which can be drawn through the pattern units in the crystal act like reflectors, each sheet reflecting a very feeble wave, while the great bulk of the wave flows on and meets successive sheets. The model is intended to show some of these reflected waves passing together out of the crystal on the right. It may be seen from the model that these bundles of reflected waves may or may not be in step with each other as in Figs. 3A and 3B respectively. In the former case, there is a comparatively strong reflected wave formed by the combination of the weak reflected waves, of which there may be hundreds of thousands. In the latter the waves are out of step: and there is practically no wave motion as the result. It all depends on the relative adjustment of three factors—the length

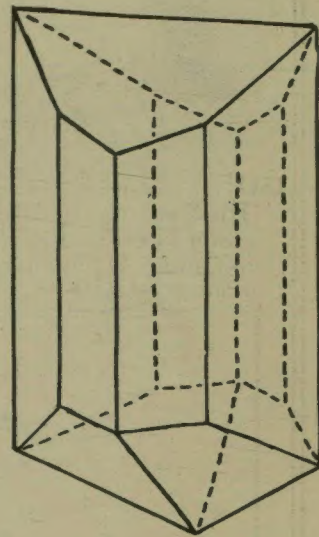


FIG. 10.—RESORCINOL: AN ORGANIC CRYSTAL.

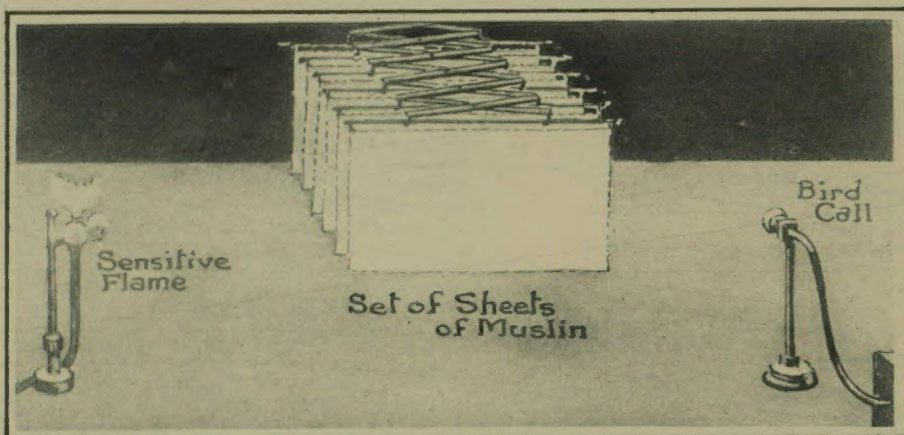


FIG. 13.—LORD RAYLEIGH'S EXPERIMENT OF THE REFLECTION OF SOUND BY A SET OF SHEETS OF MUSLIN: AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE REFLECTION OF X-RAYS BY A CRYSTAL.

Drawings by W. B. Robinson from Material supplied by Sir William Bragg.

together as the various parts of a bridge are rivetted together in a firm whole.

The persistent tendency to form a crystal is very mysterious. Given time enough, Nature will always succeed in arranging the molecules according to a pattern, and, in general, a very simple pattern (Fig. 12). The molecules may lie for a time in a higgledy-piggledy way, tied together so strongly that the substance behaves more or less like a solid: this is the case in glass. But the molecules are always trying to creep into their places in a regular scheme, and often succeed in time.

saturated solution of a substance on a glass sheet in the lantern: the heat dries off the liquid and the crystals grow quickly under our eyes, as in Fig. 6. This substance crystallises easily and quickly, and for that reason gives us a convenient and ready illustration. Other things take long to form: the diamond, for example, takes so long or requires such special arrangements that the mode of its growth is very imperfectly understood.

A crystal is a regular arrangement of the units of pattern: just as an orchard may contain a regular arrangement of trees. The plan of an orchard may, of course, be drawn on a piece of paper, while the plan of a crystal could only be fully set out in space of three dimensions, but the analogy is sufficient. Our object is to find out the plan. When we stand in a regular planted orchard or hop-field, we see rows of trees and alleys between them running away from us in many directions. In a crystal there are lines of the pattern units running away in all directions from any one of them: and, further, many planes can be drawn through any one of these lines, each of which will be studded with the units in regular fashion.

Now, if we were told that in a certain orchard there were alleys 12 ft. wide that ran in a north and south direction, and other alleys of other widths that ran in other directions, we should have enough knowledge to enable us to make a plan of the orchard showing the positions of the trees. In the same way, if we could find the distances between a few different sets of planes of the crystal, we could map out the positions in space of the units that lie on these planes.

of the wave, the distance between the successive sheets, and the inclination of the direction of the advancing waves to the planes of the sheet. In practice, what happens is that the crystal is slowly turned round while bathed in a beam of X-rays: at certain angles the reflections flash out. From the

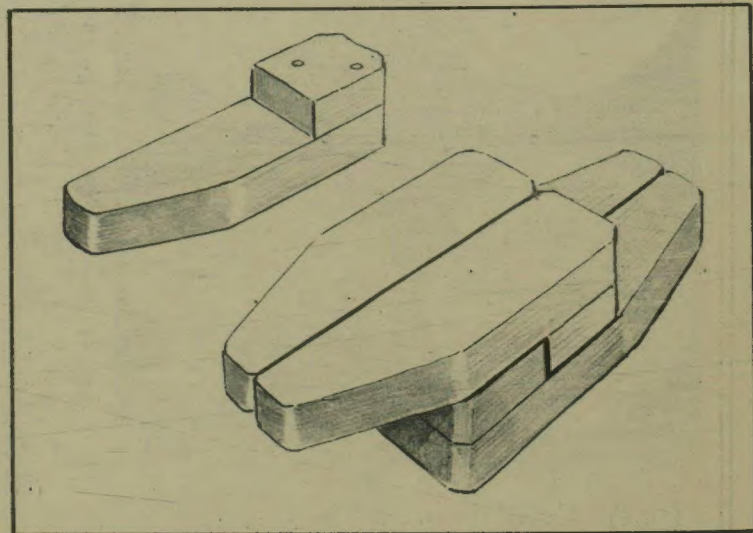


FIG. 12.—TYPICAL OF MOLECULE PATTERNS IN NATURE: WOODEN MODELS OF SHOES—(ON RIGHT) FOUR SHOES CLOSELY PACKED FORMING A UNIT OF STRUCTURE THAT IS REPEATED AGAIN AND AGAIN.

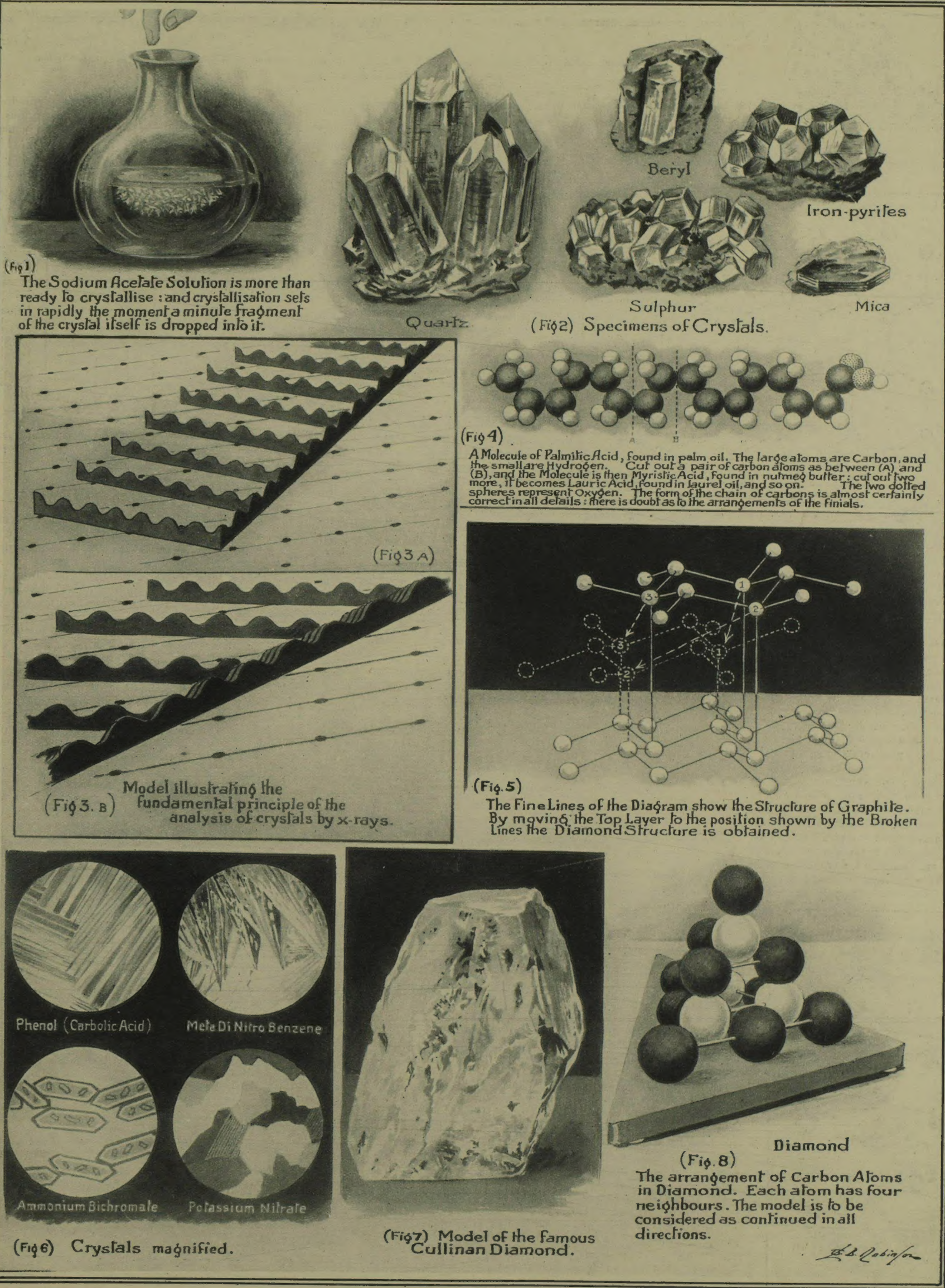
magnitude of the angles the distances between the sheets are calculated.

Many years ago, the late Lord Rayleigh showed an analogous experiment of acoustics. A very high-pitched whistle (Fig. 13) emitted sound-waves one or two inches long. A set of muslin sheets was held by a "lazy-tongs" arrangement so that their distances apart could be varied; the sound went through all the sheets, losing a little of its intensity by reflection at

(Continued on page 838.)

THE ATOM AND THE NATURE OF THINGS: CRYSTALS—THE DIAMOND.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, K.B.E., D.S.C., F.R.S., IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS LECTURES.



(Fig 1)
The Sodium Acetate Solution is more than ready to crystallise : and crystallisation sets in rapidly the moment a minute fragment of the crystal itself is dropped into it.

Quartz

Beryl

Iron-pyrites

Sulphur

Mica

(Fig 2) Specimens of Crystals.

(Fig 3 A)

(Fig 3. B)

Model illustrating the fundamental principle of the analysis of crystals by x-rays.

(Fig 4)

A Molecule of Palmitic Acid, found in palm oil. The large atoms are Carbon, and the small are Hydrogen. Cut out a pair of carbon atoms as between (A) and (B), and the molecule is then Myristic Acid, found in nutmeg butter : cut out two more, it becomes Lauric Acid, found in laurel oil, and so on. The two dotted spheres represent Oxygen. The form of the chain of carbons is almost certainly correct in all details : there is doubt as to the arrangements of the finials.

(Fig 5)

The Fine Lines of the Diagram show the Structure of Graphite. By moving the Top Layer to the position shown by the Broken Lines the Diamond Structure is obtained.

Phenol (Carbolic Acid)

Meta Di Nitro Benzene

Ammonium Bichromate

Potassium Nitrate

(Fig 6) Crystals magnified.

(Fig 7) Model of the Famous Cullinan Diamond.

Diamond

(Fig 8)

The arrangement of Carbon Atoms in Diamond. Each atom has four neighbours. The model is to be considered as continued in all directions.

W. B. Robinson

IV. "THE NATURE OF CRYSTALS—THE DIAMOND": SIR WILLIAM BRAGG'S EXPERIMENTS IN HIS FOURTH LECTURE.

"The diamond," writes Sir William Bragg in his article begun on the opposite page, "is perhaps the most interesting of all the crystals in the world. It is remarkable for the beauty and simplicity of its structure, and important because it is the simplest of the forms in which the atoms of carbon join themselves together. The basis of structure of organic substances can be found within it. It is the hardest mineral that we know. . . . It is odd that the simple form in which carbon atoms group themselves should make so brilliant a gem, and that a form nearly as simple should be so opposite in character as graphite or black lead. . . . Graphite makes one of the best of lubricants." The article abridges

Sir William's fourth lecture in his series of six, delivered at the Royal Institution, under the general title, "Concerning the Nature of Things," and explaining in popular language, with his accustomed skill, the fascinating truths of physics. His abridgments of the first three lectures, dealing with "The Atoms of Which Things are Made," "The Nature of Gases," and "The Nature of Liquids," appeared in our issues for October 11, 18, and 25. The fourth lecture, on "The Nature of Crystals: the Diamond," is here similarly treated; and the remaining two—"The Nature of Crystals: Ice and Snow," and "The Nature of Crystals: Metals"—will be given later.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"ZR3" EMULATES "R34": A NEW TRANSATLANTIC AIRSHIP RECORD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEDGER PHOTO SERVICE, CENTRAL PRESS, AND INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL.



"A NEW WORLD'S RECORD—5000 MILES OF CONTINUOUS FLIGHT": THE ZEPPELIN "ZR3," BUILT IN GERMANY AS REPARATIONS FOR THE UNITED STATES, COMING TO EARTH ON THE AERODROME AT LAKEHURST, NEW JERSEY, AFTER CROSSING THE ATLANTIC, 80 HOURS AND 45 MINUTES SINCE STARTING FROM FRIEDRICHSHAFEN.



GUIDED TO EARTH BY A GROUND FORCE OF 300 AMERICAN SAILORS AND MARINES HAULING ON TO ROPES: THE "ZR3" LANDING AT LAKEHURST, N.J.—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM BENEATH THE STERN



SHOWING THE RING (NEAR THE TOP, ON LEFT) FOR ATTACHING THE AIRSHIP TO A MOORING-MAST, AND THE CONTROL-CAR BELOW: THE "ZR3" AT LAKEHURST—A FRONT VIEW OF THE NOSE.

The new Zeppelin "ZR3," built by Germany for the United States Government, successfully crossed the Atlantic, and after appearing over New York (as illustrated opposite) turned south and landed at Lakehurst, New Jersey, at 10 a.m. on October 15. There she was safely guided to earth by a ground force of 300 American sailors and marines, and housed in the big hangar prepared for her reception. The journey from Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance, where the airship was built and whence she started on October 12, had occupied 80 hours and 45 minutes. It was uneventful save for the discovery, before passing the Azores, of a small rip in one of the gas cells, which was immediately repaired.

Her commander, Dr. Eckener, on landing at Lakehurst, shouted: "Gentlemen, a new world's record! 5000 miles of continuous flight." He said that the first part of the voyage was fine, but that in the latter part they had battled against a wind of 50 to 60 miles an hour. The "ZR3" will be in the hands of the U.S. Navy for a few months and will then be transferred to the Army for a time before being placed under civilian control for purposes of commerce. It may be recalled that the first airship to cross the Atlantic was the British "R34," which in 1919 flew from Scotland to Long Island (3130 nautical miles) in 108 hours, and also made the return journey, in 75 hours.

"ZR 3" ABOVE THE SKY-SCRAPERS: NEW YORK FROM THE AIR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY AEROFILMS' LTD., SUPPLIED BY HAMILTON MAXWELL, INC., NEW YORK.



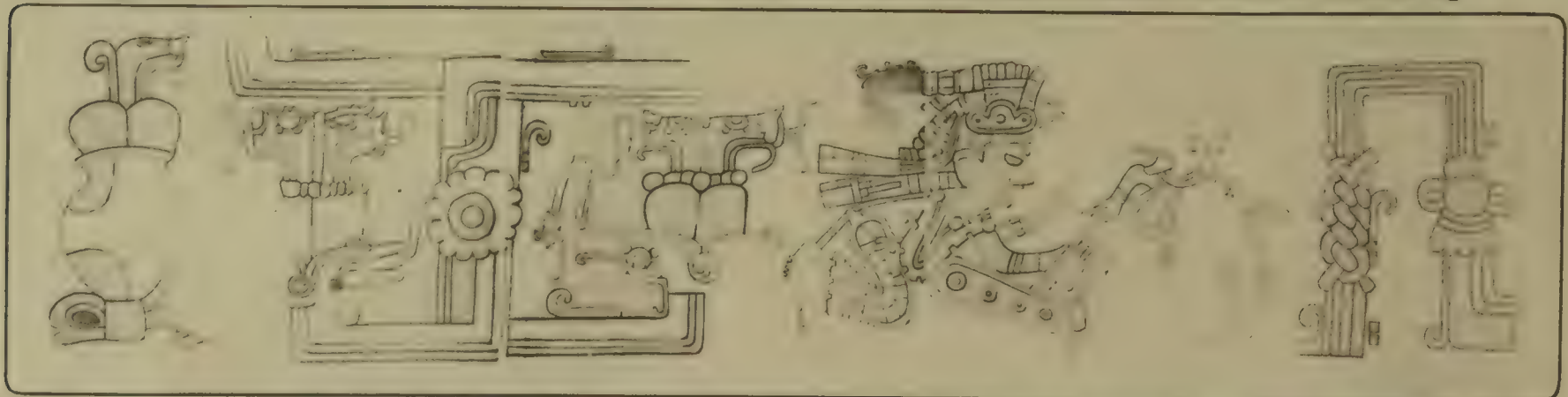
WHERE SHE FLEW SO LOW AS TO APPEAR LIKELY TO COLLIDE WITH THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING: THE "ZR 3" AT NEW YORK—A PICTURESQUE AIR-VIEW OF THE ZEPPELIN OVER THE HUDSON RIVER.

Before landing at Lakehurst, New Jersey, as shown on the opposite page, after her flight across the Atlantic, the "ZR 3" visited Boston and New York, where she attracted great interest. The first part of North America that her crew sighted was Nova Scotia, about midnight on October 14. She then followed the coast down to Cape Cod, soared over Boston at about four o'clock in the morning, and reduced speed so as to reach New York in full daylight. After passing over Providence, Newport, New London, and Newhaven, she crossed the Sound to Long Island, when she was joined by an escort of seven aeroplanes. Taking a wide

circle, she arrived over the Statue of Liberty shortly before eight o'clock, flying at a height of only about 500 ft., and gleaming like silver in the morning sun. Then for nearly an hour she flew above New York, making great circles at various altitudes. At one time she came so low that a collision with the tower of the Woolworth Building seemed inevitable. But the airship was under complete control and gracefully rose to clear it. Most of the people in New York must have seen her, and she was greeted by crowds assembled in the streets and a great din of fog-horns and sirens in the harbour.

AN UNKNOWN CIVILISATION: MAYA RUINS OF YUCATAN.

By DR. THOMAS GANN, Reader in Central American Archaeology, Liverpool University.



INCLUDING A FANTASTIC FIGURE SUGGESTIVE OF A DRAWING BY SIME, AND (ON THE RIGHT) DESIGNS RECALLING THE GORDIAN KNOT: PART OF A FRIEZE IN A TWO-STOREYED TEMPLE AT TULUUM.

THE East Coast of Yucatan, from Cape Catoche to the Chetumal Bay, is perhaps the most desolate and sparsely inhabited stretch of coast along the whole Atlantic seaboard of Central America. A flat expanse of barren land, covered with low scrub and sour grass, it supports now only a scant population of poverty-stricken Indian fishermen; yet at

bank a crowd of Indians who carried two standards which they raised and lowered to us as signs to come and join them."

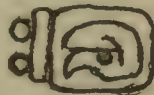
The Spaniards did not go ashore, and so far as we know never at any time set foot on this part of the coast. The fate of the many thousands of Indians who must have occupied Tulum and its vicinity is completely buried in mystery, as nothing is ever again heard of them, and when in 1842, 324 years after Grijalva's voyage, it was visited by the American explorer Stevens, the site was covered by dense, impenetrable bush, amongst which not a single inhabitant was to be found.

The most interesting object at the ruins is a Maya stele, most of the fragments of which were found within one of the temples. Upon this is inscribed the Initial Series 9, 6, 10, 0, 0; written thus—



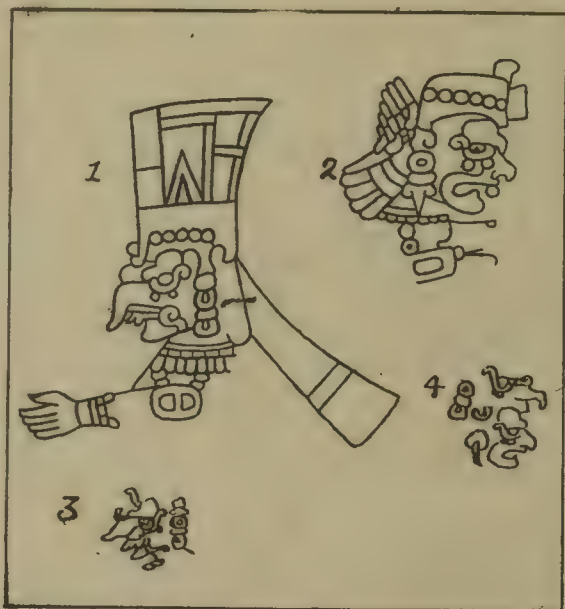
corresponding to the year 310 A.D. of our era. Now we know from a number of sources that Tulum was not founded till towards the end of the sixth century A.D. by Maya emigrants from Bakalal. How, then, reconcile the discrepancies in these dates? In searching about outside the temple which contained the stele, we came across a small fragment which fitted in to its base, immediately beneath the Initial Series date. Inscribed upon it were these two glyphs—

The upper one is the glyph for the Lahuntun, or ten tuns (periods of 360 days), the lower the co-efficient 7 (written 80) prefixed to the sign for the day 80 Ahau,



the whole reading: 7 Ahau the end of a Lahuntun. Now this date occurs exactly a Cycle or 20 Katuns after 9, 6, 10, 0, 0, so that the contemporaneous date of the stele is 10, 6, 10, 0, 0, or 699 A.D., which fits in perfectly with historical records. It will be seen, therefore, that Tulum was occupied by the Maya about the end of the seventh century, and again some 800 years later. Why the first colonists left it, and why it was re-colonised, and what became of the whole dense population which must have occupied not only

approximately 22 acres. The wall varies from 10 to 15 ft. in height; the top is level, and wide enough for four men to walk abreast, and at the angles square watch-towers look out over the surrounding country. Many of the buildings at Tulum are decorated inside with beautifully painted, extremely hard stucco, now in rather a poor state of preservation. The



SUGGESTING THAT THE DRESDEN CODEX OF MAYA PAINTINGS CAME FROM TULUUM: SIGNIFICANT COMPARISONS.

Figs. 1 and 2 show the gods Cuculkan and Itzamna from the wall paintings at Tulum. Figs. 3 and 4 show the same gods from the Dresden Codex, one of the three priceless Maya hieroglyphic paintings extant. The resemblance is so marked as to suggest that the Dresden Codex was produced in Tulum.

colours used are red, black, blue, violet, green, and claret. The subjects represented are chiefly elaborately

dressed figures of Maya gods with various offerings being made to them. The two most frequently depicted gods are Cuculkan and Itzamna, and on comparing the heads of these gods with their representations in the Dresden Codex, it will be observed that not only are they alike, but practically identical, so much so that, if not actually the work of the same artist, they were certainly executed at about the same period in the same locality, and possibly from a common model. Now, the Dresden Codex is one of the three priceless aboriginal Maya paintings of hieroglyphics which have been preserved to us. How and when it was brought to Europe is not known, but it must have been at a very early date, for we know that very shortly after the Conquest all the books of

the Maya were destroyed by the Spaniards as works of "El Diablo." The exact date and place of origin of the Codex are unknown, and have always given rise to a considerable amount of controversy amongst

(Continued on page 844.)



The East Coast of Yucatan

"A GREAT AND PRACTICALLY VIRGIN FIELD OPEN TO ARCHÆOLOGISTS": THE EASTERN COAST OF YUCATAN—A MAP SHOWING TULUUM, CHACMOOL, AND ISLA DE MUSERES.

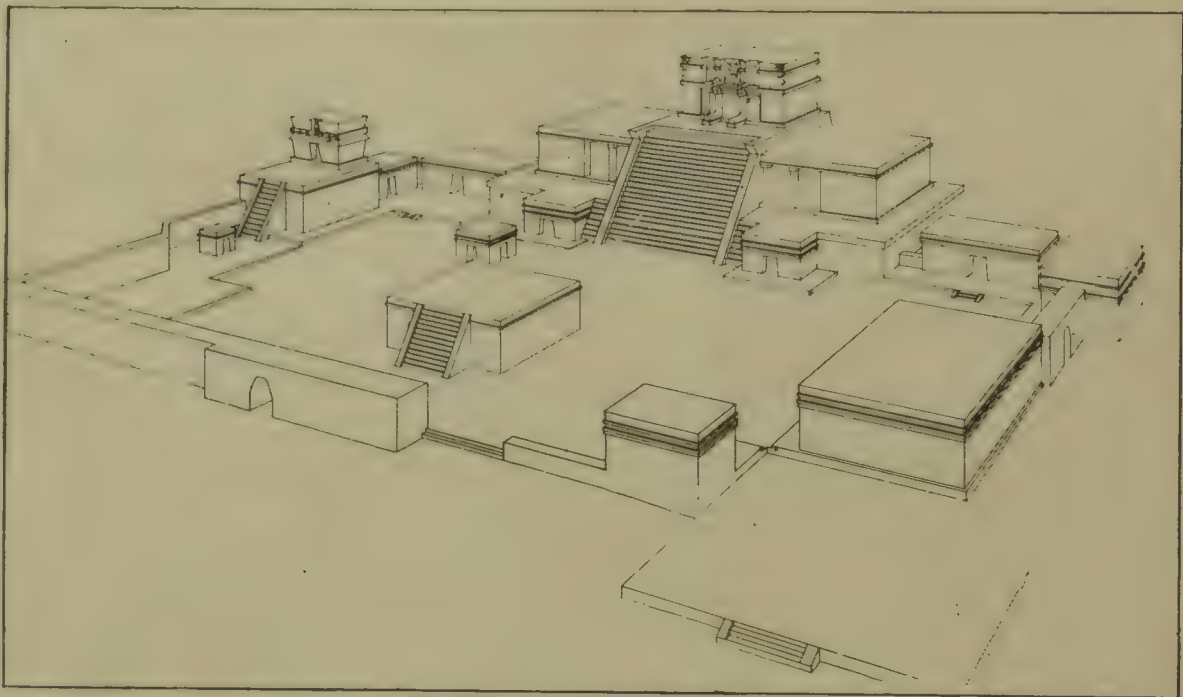
one time it must have been densely populated, for it is covered with the ruins of buildings erected by the ancient Maya inhabitants.

After the conquest of Mayapan, about 1450 A.D., its people were scattered in all directions, and many of them formed settlements along the East Coast, where they developed the curious and characteristic civilisation which lasted for some considerable time after the Spanish Conquest, which in this remote and inaccessible region was never complete.

Practically nothing was known about these ruins till Dr. S. G. Morley, of the Carnegie Institution, and the writer visited the whole East Coast, photographing and making plans of all the ruins of which reports were brought in by the Indians.

Tulum, situated near the centre of the coast line, was undoubtedly the capital city of this civilisation. The first European notice we have of the city is found in the itinerary of Juan de Grijalva's voyage along the coast in 1518, kept by the padre, Juan Diaz, chaplain to the expedition. He writes: "After leaving Cozumel we ran

along the coast a day and a night, and the next day towards sunset we saw a bourg or village, so large that Seville would not have seemed larger or better; we saw there a very high tower. There was upon the



WHERE "THE WHOLE GROUP OF BUILDINGS IS SURROUNDED BY A GREAT WALL, 1500 FT. BY 600 FT., ENCLOSING 22 ACRES": A RESTORED PLAN OF THE PRINCIPAL TEMPLE GROUP AT TULUUM.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Dr. Thomas Gann.

Tulum but the entire East Coast, are events completely shrouded in mystery.

The whole group of buildings is surrounded by a great wall, 1500 ft. by 600 ft., enclosing an area of

THE SHRINE OF A RECUMBENT GOD: TOLTEC INFLUENCE ON MAYA FAITH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. THOMAS GANN, READER IN CENTRAL AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY TO THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.



COMPLETELY EMBRACED IN THE ROOTS OF A GREAT WILD COTTON-TREE: A SMALL BUILDING (LEFT) BESIDE A TEMPLE (RIGHT) AT CHACMOOL—RUINS DAMAGED BY VEGETATION.



SHOWING THE DENSE AND DESTRUCTIVE VEGETATION FROM WHICH THE RUINS WERE CLEARED: PART OF THE FAÇADE OF A TEMPLE AT CHACMOOL.



RECLINING ON ITS BACK, WITH UP-DRAWN KNEES: A GIGANTIC CEMENT IMAGE OF THE CHACMOOL, THE TOLTEC GOD WHOSE NAME WAS GIVEN TO THE SITE.



"AN EXTREMELY IMPORTANT DISCOVERY": ANOTHER VIEW OF THE RECUMBENT STATUE OF THE CHACMOOL WITHIN ITS LITTLE TEMPLE.



FROM THE ONLY OTHER MAYA SITE WHERE SUCH TOLTEC FIGURES OCCUR: A SIMILARLY RECUMBENT STATUE OF THE CHACMOOL, FOUND AT CHICHEN ITZA.

Chacmool is one of more than twenty ruined Maya sites recently found on the east coast of Yucatan by Dr. Thomas Gann, who is a great authority on the ancient civilisations of Central America. He describes his new discoveries in a remarkably interesting article on page 816. Previous illustrated articles by him on kindred subjects appeared in our issues of July 26 and March 1 this year, and in that of October 6, 1923. "The ruined city of Chacmool," he writes, "is situated on a peninsula dividing the San Espiritu from the Ascension Bay. It had never before been visited by Europeans. . . . Here, within a small temple, we discovered an image of the Chacmool, a gigantic human figure, 8 ft. high,

made of extremely hard cement, reclining on its back. . . . This was an extremely important discovery, as these Chacmool figures are purely of Toltec origin and are found at only one other Maya site, namely Chichen Itza, where, after its conquest by the Toltecs, their religious and artistic influences were strongly developed. We named the city 'Chacmool' after its tutelary deity." Fuller details of the statue and its decoration are given in Dr. Gann's article, and on page 818 are illustrated other Maya remains in Yucatan, at Tulum, and the Isla de Mujeres. We may mention that Dr. Gann is a member of the Legislative Council, and Principal Medical Officer, of British Honduras.

MYSTERY RUINS OF CENTRAL AMERICA: MAYA TEMPLES IN YUCATAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. THOMAS GANN, READER IN CENTRAL AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY TO THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.



AT TULUM: A TWO-STORYED BUILDING
WHOSE INTERIOR IS DECORATED WITH
PAINTED STUCCO.



FROM A TEMPLE FACADE AT
TULUM: A STUCCO FIGURE
(5 FT. HIGH) PAINTED GREEN.



"UNDOUBTEDLY THE CAPITAL CITY OF THIS CIVILISATION," WHOSE DISAPPEARANCE
IS "BURIED IN MYSTERY": TULUM—A MAYA TEMPLE SURMOUNTED BY A ROOF
"COMB," DISCOVERED AMID DENSE VEGETATION.



WHERE THE SOLDIERS OF CORTEZ THREW STONE FIGURES OF GODDESSES INTO
THE SEA IN 1520: RUINS OF A CLIFF TEMPLE ON THE ISLA DE MUSERES.



LIKE AN EGYPTIAN STEPPED PYRAMID: A MAYA RUIN AT EL MECCO (NORTH
OF TULUM), ONE OF THE LARGEST AND QUITE THE MOST ISOLATED TEMPLE
ALONG THE EAST COAST OF YUCATAN.



FIRST SEEN BY A EUROPEAN (JUAN DE GRIJALVA) IN 1518: THE CASTILLO AT TULUM, THEN
DESCRIBED AS EQUAL IN SIZE TO SEVILLE—A VIEW FROM THE SEA, SHOWING THE CLIFFS BELOW
THE MAYA BUILDINGS.



CARVED WITH A FIGURE BELIEVED BY THE MAYA
TO COME TO LIFE AT NIGHT: AN INCENSE-BURNER
OF A TYPE FREQUENT IN YUCATAN.

The east coast of Yucatan, as Dr. Thomas Gann says in his article on page 816, offers to archaeologists a practically virgin field for exploration among ruins representing the last phase of the great Maya civilisation. In his recent researches there he discovered more than twenty ruined sites. "Tulum," he writes, "was undoubtedly the capital city. The first European notice we have of it is found in the itinerary of Juan de Grijalva's voyage in 1518. . . . The Spaniards did not go ashore, and so far as we know never set foot on this part of the coast. . . . When, in 1842, it was visited by the American explorer Stevens, the site was covered by dense impenetrable bush, amongst which not a single inhabitant was to be found. . . . We know from a number of sources that

Tulum was not founded till towards the end of the sixth century A.D. by Maya emigrants from Bakalal. . . . Tulum was occupied by the Maya about the end of the seventh century and again some 800 years later. Why the first colonists left it, and why it was re-colonised, and what became of the whole dense population which must have occupied not only Tulum but the entire East Coast (of Yucatan) are events completely shrouded in mystery." The ruin on the Isla de Mujeres (fourth photograph) is described as "All that remains of the temple on the edge of the cliff, from which the soldiers of Hernando Cortez, conqueror of Mexico, threw down stone idols representing women into the sea beneath in 1520." Other Maya remains in Yucatan are illustrated on page 816.

MORE DINOSAUR FOOTPRINTS: TRACKS OF A THREE-TOED MONSTER.

Copyright Photograph by Pacific and Atlantic Photos.



WHERE A PREHISTORIC MONSTER TROD PERHAPS MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO: PETRIFIED DINOSAUR FOOTPRINTS, CLEARED OF LIME DEPOSIT AND FULL OF WATER, IN THE SNOW-CLAD HILLS OF ARIZONA.

In our issue of September 13 last we illustrated some remarkable dinosaur footprints found petrified in the roofs of coal seams in Utah, where peat beneath the mud in which the animal walked had in course of ages changed to coal, and, on being removed, left the petrified impressions on the ceilings of underground galleries. Describing the above photograph, a French writer says: "It affords evidence of an analogous discovery, made by an archaeological expedition from New York under Mr. C. L. Bernheimer. This time it was in the mountains of Arizona, on the sides of the Neskla-Nizadi Canyon, which runs into the Navajo

Canyon, that the tracks were identified. There are thirty of them, apparently made by four different animals. They measure about 40 centimetres (some 16 inches) across, and the length of the steps is 1 metre 10 ctm. (about 3 ft. 3 in.). These dinosaurs therefore were much smaller than those of Utah [one of whose footprints measured 31 inches between the outer toes]. The Arizona footprints are perfectly preserved. They had made in the soil (now petrified) distinct depressions, and it was only necessary to remove the lime deposit which filled them. They are clearly perceptible, full of water, on ground covered with snow."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

ABOUT MUSICAL COMEDY.—DR. SYBIL THORNDIKE.—THE CHILDREN'S CONCERT.

HE came from Vienna, where the Danube is still blue and the air full of melody. "With us," he said, "operette grows as bountifully as peaches on a sunny wall. And in Vienna sunshine is as perennial as the hard-upness of its denizens." Of course I had to take him to all the musical comedies in town—"to learn the difference," he said; and this was his verdict:

"Your mounting is ten times better than ours—but then, with us, text and melody, not the show, is

can't sing at all. We would not tolerate their feeble efforts for a moment. The order of things seems wrong: pretty face first, voice no matter. If the figure and teeth are as comely as the features, your public seems satisfied; and if they dance well, as they mostly do, theirs is triumph. But where is the art? Surely you are a musical nation these days! You run amok when a Galli-Curci or McCormack overflows your Albert Hall: has that same public lost its sense of hearing when it goes to musical comedy? There's something radically wrong in your casting of operettes on the female side. What it is—whether the voice trials are superficial, whether the managers have no ear, whether kissing goes by favour, I don't know—I am a stranger on these shores. But you can take it from me—and I have careered about in operette-land all over the world—nowhere have I heard such singing that is not singing as in London. Can you tell me whither all the talent goes that is turned out at the Royal Academy of Music, at the Guildhall School, and all the rest? Certainly not to musical comedy. I wonder."

He left me wondering too. I could not contradict the soft impeachment, but I jotted down his remarks, for it is as well for us to see ourselves as others see us.

If ever a tribute was well deserved, it was the banquet offered by the O.P. Club on Oct. 19, at the Cecil, to Dr. Sybil Thorndike in memory of her triumph as "Saint Joan." It was a wonderful gathering of some 300: nearly the whole company of the New Theatre was there. "G. B. S." alone was missing. Instead there was one of his characteristic letters scorning all conviviality, loaves and fishes, but subtly paying homage to the great actress. Of course, there

was plenty of oratory, but it was mercifully short, and its climax was reached when the two actresses of the hour, Dr. Thorndike and Miss Edith Evans, spoke. Nothing could have been more simple, unaffected, human in its note of cordiality and humour; and the true feeling both expressed for their fellow-workers less famous than they heightened the festive mood to a rare harmony of "equality and fraternity." Then somebody suggested that Dr. Sybil should play something on the piano—sing us something if she would. And now came a surprise. The tragédienne revealed herself not only as a perfect pianist improvising at will—playing by heart all the old songs, from "Daisy! Daisy" to "The Man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," in which we all chimed lustily—but the heroine of Euripides and Shaw transformed herself into a Marie Lloyd *rediviva*. She mocked the *fiorituri* of *prime donne* with consummate art and parody; she warbled coster songs and love ballads as to the manner born. We felt as if we wouldn't go home till morning. In sum, a field night for the O.P. Club and plumes in the caps of the organisers, Carl Hentschel and the hon. sec., J. Evans.

In another page Mr. Turner may tell you all about the musical side of Mr. Robert Mayer's Children's Concert at the Central Hall. Let me just give you a short impression of the "dramatic scene." It was as good as a play. From half-past ten onward a

ceaseless stream of little ones—so many of them that we grown-ups were hardly seen—moved towards the hall and gaily climbed the many stairs towards the entrance. They were all bustle and excitement. They swirled and whirled and pushed to get in front, and when they were all seated the air was as full of chirruping as if a flight of birds were sitting in a tree. Then the conductor, spruce, young, with energy in his features, and gleams of inspiration in his eyes, ascended the podium, and a hush fell like a spell. "Let's begin with 'God save the King,'" he said. And two thousand high-pitched voices chimed in—happy and glorious!

Now Dr. Malcolm Sargent began to speak about music, whimsically, easily, informingly. He explained the melody of the fiddles, the power of the wind and brass. "Look at these sturdy fellows!" he said, as the artists rose to trumpet—the roll of the drum, the charm of the harp, "which one of these days we hope to hear in Heaven." Then he sat down at the piano and played the *motifs* of Wagner's "Meistersinger" Overture, the procession, Walther's Prize-Song, the love ode. "Are these good tunes, children? Yes? Well, sing them!" And the children warbled in wonderful response. It was thrilling. In a few words Dr. Sargent imparted much knowledge to his little hearers.

But now came the real treat, the orchestra of forty, with its gifted violin leader, Samuel Kutcher, setting in with zest and fervour. In the Hall the silence of a cathedral. Eager faces all round, tightened in attention; little kiddies in parents' laps bulging little eyes, sometimes moving little lips as if to chime in, but all breathless in rapture. No human sound from throat or limbs was heard. A sheaf of humanity was bound in spell. But as the last note reverberated through space, the children burst out in wild enthusiasm; they clapped, shouted, and stamped, and had not the conductor warned them that there was still much to come, they would never have stopped. And so the same stillness, the same effusion after every number.

It was an uplifting spectacle, and one to convert the most confirmed pessimist to a brighter



IN THE REVIVAL OF SHERIDAN'S COMIC OPERA, "THE DUENNA," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH: MISS ISOBEL McLAREN AS DONNA CLARA.

the thing. Your libretti are mostly poorer than poor, and when you bowdlerise a Viennese one its humour goes like colours in the wash. Your comedians are excellent and more refined than ours. The ensemble has something distinguished to be found nowhere else in the world"—then he coughed: "ahem! so distinguished that life is extinguished by distinction. Your choruses are magnificent—to look at—fine girls, pretty girls, architecturally built and sculpturally chiselled. They are quite different from our Viennese girls (who are, of course, the sweetest things in the world, *joie de vivre* incarnate). And what is most remarkable is their drill—the goose-step of the Kaiser's bodyguard is child's play compared with it: you have strategists amongst your dance-producers. So all that is very fine, but now I come to the 'buts.' You have a fair amount of good voices, but the fewest have *entrain*—give me a better word, if you can—and then the poor dears don't articulate. I have never been able quite to realise what they are singing about, but I will say that they accentuate the words 'love' and 'roses'—perhaps they play such a part in their little lives. Have you no singing and declamation schools attached to your theatres? Much needed, you know.

"But now I come to the 'But' with a capital B. Your men often sing beautifully: there is a syn-copated male chorus at the Hippodrome which is a marvel of euphony, precision, and diction. But how few *prime donne* you have! I have heard them all, and remember but a few—José Collins, Marie Tempest, Evelyn Laye, and June. I don't like to generalise, but I agree with your well-known librettist who said they are all pretty and all alike, English roses one and all, but no individuality, no temperament—no singing as we understand it. In fact, some can't sing at all, and remind me of the mournful evenings in drawing-rooms when I first came to England many years ago, and after dinner had to endure ballad-songs delivered in school-day manner by fair damsels oh so pretty and so anæmic! Some of your fairly known 'seconds' in musical comedy



EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COMIC-OPERA LOVERS: MISS ELSA MacFARLANE AS DONNA LOUISA AND MR. DENYS ERLAM AS DON ANTONIO, IN "THE DUENNA," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH.

Photographs by Bertram Park.

view of life. For here the young souls of the coming generation were playfully initiated into the worship of music, which, like Yule-tide, spreads peace and goodwill and love of all that is beautiful among men.

SHERIDAN'S COMIC OPERA: "THE DUENNA," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERTRAM PARK.



"LET US RETIRE, WITH THIS GOOD FATHER": (L. TO R.) DONNA CLARA (MISS ISOBEL McLAREN), DON FERDINAND (MR. MICHAEL COLE), FATHER PAUL (MR. SCOTT RUSSELL), DON ANTONIO (MR. DENYS ERLAM), AND DONNA LOUISA (MISS ELSA MACFARLANE), IN "THE DUENNA," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH. (ACT 3, SCENE 5.)



THE FINALE OF "THE DUENNA": (L. TO R., BEGINNING 4TH FROM LEFT) DON FERDINAND, DONNA CLARA, DON CARLOS (MR. GUY LEFEUVRE), THE DUENNA (MISS ELSIE FRENCH), ISAAC MENDOZA (MR. FRANK COCHRANE, ON GROUND), DON JEROME (MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR), DONNA LOUISA, DON ANTONIO, AND FATHER PAUL. (ACT 3, SCENE 7.)

Mr. Nigel Playfair's revival of "The Duenna," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, bids fair to carry on triumphantly the vogue of eighteenth-century comic opera and comedy, begun with such remarkable success by "The Beggar's Opera" of Gay, and continued with its sequel, "Polly," and Congreve's "The Way of the World." The production of "The Duenna" was received with immense enthusiasm on the first night, October 23. Like its predecessors, it affords abundant scope for picturesque costume and decoration, and Mr. George Sheringham, who designed the scenes and dresses, has made admirable use of the opportunity. The music—another important feature—has

been "composed and arranged (after Linley)" by Mr. Alfred Reynolds, in a style well adapted to modern requirements. With excellent acting and singing in the principal parts (especially by Miss Elsie French and Mr. Frank Cochrane), and Sheridan's brilliant wit pervading the dialogue and giving the piece its essential quality, the total effect of the new revival is delightfully entertaining. A note on the programme says: "The play is given as Sheridan wrote it, except that the words of one song from a contemporary opera and one from Sheridan's own pen have been introduced, and one scene, containing what appeared to be a rather offensive attack on Roman Catholicism and the monastic system, omitted."

"Beast - Gazing is Good Eye - Medicine."

"JUNGLE BEASTS I HAVE CAPTURED." By Charles Mayer.*

THE Chinese who wrote, "Mr. Mayer it better you think up more your former life in Malay wild" did good service: "Sir Elephant" by no means exhausted his odd adventures in "Trapping Wild Animals," and never in the mind of native did hunter more surely earn the rank of *pawang*, witch-doctor. No need for him to treasure a tiger's claws as charm, burn its whiskers to curative ashes, or dry an ear of a "very bad" specimen and wear it at the waist to ward off the living "cat." Tact and the dollar, fearlessness and patience, ingenuity, lore and lures, served him; and, even when engineering a coveted tin concession, he was not of those of whom a Sultan said: "There is much that goes into their ears white and comes out of their mouths black."

The chief thing he had to combat outside the perils of his calling was the notion that he had come not to capture but to kill. He explained: "In far countries it is good for the eyes of men, women and children to look upon the beasts of the jungle." The reply of the interpreter was: "I will tell them, *tian*, that in your country beast-gazing is good eye-medicine."

Once his followers realised this, all was well, and the aid he got was willing and skilled. Eager, flashing *parangs* cut paths even to the Ghost Mountain of dread repute; beaters drove game to the danger zone; quicksands were conquered; trails were blazed; sharpened bamboo stakes failed to stop bare-footed advance; pits were dug and cunningly roofed with deceiving vegetation; "mouse"-traps and travelling cages were contrived; and, especially, rattans were woven into great nets destined to entangle and to hold those creatures that climb in trees.

The hunter told the hadji of this last idea. He writes of it: "A picture came into my mind," I told him, "as if it had walked on legs, and I saw myself capturing wild beasts in trees in a new and strange way."

"You were ever a worker of magic, *tuan*," he answered. "Put this new picture into words for me."

"I was so anxious that he should think well of my plan that I waited until we were comfortably seated, cross-legged, on his verandah. Then I said: 'When I wish to trap a rhinoceros, I get him to step on a spot that he thinks is good solid earth, and it gives way under him.'"

"*Bétul* (true).

"It will be the same with a leopard. He will trust his weight to the branch of a tree that seems solid in every part, but, since it is half sawed in two, it will break beneath him."

"And he will fall to the ground on four good legs, according to his habit, and take himself off?"

"No, no. Before he falls, lured by the smell of live chickens, he will have sprung into a net that lies mouth open along the branch over the gash in the limb."

"Then net and beast will fall to the ground together?"

"No, once more. In and out, round the mouth of the net, is laced a rope. The end of this is tied to a strong branch above. When the lower limb breaks and falls, the mouth of the net is drawn together by the rope, pulling against the weight of the beast. He will hang from the upper branch until I come with my men and cut him down."

The vision proved true; but the first "bag" was a twenty-foot python scaling two hundred pounds! Later came, not, perhaps, the promised "many, many beasts . . . like grains of sand," but more than enough to justify the method and to

suggest a tree trap for the orang-utans of Borneo—a box affair baited with guavas and successful in catching a female and her baby.

But tales of trapping are not the all-in-all of "Jungle Beasts I Have Captured," although they vary from that of the baby elephant who was "laughter on four legs," to those of tigers, rhinoceroses, tapirs, wild pigs, mouse deer, leopards, bears, the clouded tiger—dark gray with black, irregular stripes—and what not! There are records of observation that are equally fascinating.

One of the most curious, and most amusing, concerns the land crab. Mr. Mayer notes: "At night, the land crab, which goes to the water only to breed, has a habit of climbing a coconut tree by clasping the trunk with its long pinchers. It eats the tender

the end of its snout—in effect not unlike a can-opener."

Then we have the caged tiger: "Caged tigers have been known to devour their own tails. This they do when they have lashed themselves into a sort of blind fury." The free of the kind might well do the same when bewildered and frenzied by the clinging "bird-limed" leaves strewn to discomfort them to their undoing: "Bird-lime . . . is a mucilage made from the gum of a rubber tree. . . . The hunter spreads the bird-lime on leaves. The animal steps in it, and once he has put his paw down in the gum, he cannot get it free. He tries to bite it off, and then his face gets in it, and finally he is plastered all over with the substance. He becomes so enraged and helpless that he is easily captured."

And, while on the subject of tigers, it may be added that "a strange thing about the tigress is her willingness to mate with a lion. The offspring is a curious animal, half lion, half tiger—in rare cases larger than either—sometimes with stripes only faintly discernible. . . . It rarely lives to maturity." Our own "Zoo's" "tigon" will be recalled, and it will be remembered that we dealt with it pictorially and otherwise in our issues of June 28 and July 12 last.

Next, the model-mother rhinoceros steering her youngster by pushing her horn against its rump; tame elephants holding up their wild brethren by pressing against them while they are hobbled; and the rhinoceros, so keen of scent that his recognition of the dreaded human smell was only counteracted by tying a goat to windward!

Further: white elephants, albinos representing an abnormality. "It is a stretching of truth to call them 'white.' They are pinkish, and their eyes are pink. The only four that have ever been found," adds Mr. Mayer, "live at the Palace in Bangkok. I have often seen them paraded about the palace grounds, but so covered with hangings and trappings that it was not easy to tell what they looked like."

Many a note is as curious and enlightening: witness an instance or two.

First: "If the tiger could ever be got to show in the ring his feats of strength or the length of his jump, there would be something worth seeing. I have known a tiger, after a kill in the jungle, to carry or drag away to cover an animal weighing over two hundred pounds. The distance a tiger can jump is enormous. I once measured a kangaroo's jump in Australia; it was thirty-six feet at a clip over the brush. But the tiger, in a single leap, can beat this by five or ten feet."

Then: "I knew that oranges do not push. Their method of attack is to pull toward them and to bite. When they break off branches to make the platforms on which they sleep, it is always with the motion of pulling towards them." And: "I happened to

catch sight of the rusty red of an old orang. He was squatting on a limb and holding on with one hand to the branch above. I could see he had something in his free hand which seemed to flutter. I realised then that he was near a bird's nest. It must have been the mother bird he had. He moved over to the trunk of the tree and braced himself. Then down the feathers began to fall, and at last the bones. He had eaten the bird. I had heard that orangs eat birds, but I had never believed it."

Finally: the durian trees, so sought that villages will wage war for possession of those in disputed areas, and bearers of an evil-smelling fruit for which men and beasts lust—the latter at their mating seasons. "No species can apparently resist this fruit." Where the durian is, there is the place for the hunter's traps!

"Jungle Beasts I Have Captured" is excellent, a worthy successor to "Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles." It is certain of welcome.—E. H. G.



THE EVACUATION OF DORTMUND BY THE FRENCH: TROOPS READY TO LEAVE THE CITY SALUTING THE TRICOLOUR AS IT WAS HAULED DOWN AT THE FRENCH HEAD-QUARTERS.

Dortmund was evacuated by the French on October 22. The force, which consisted of battalions of the 67th Regiment, with squadrons of cavalry and batteries of artillery, marched to the station and entrained for Bochum and Wanne. As the evacuation took place in the early morning, it was hardly noticed by the inhabitants. Our photograph shows the scene at the French headquarters, when the Tricolour was hauled down.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

shoots at the top. The natives put a thick rope of palm-leaves and gum round the trunk of the tree, ten or fifteen feet from the ground; then they plaster this ring well with clay and sand. The old crab gets over the obstruction with so little trouble that he forgets all about it. When he comes down, having eaten his fill, and strikes the clay and sand, he thinks he has touched bottom, lets go, falls, and cracks himself. It is a mean way of catching him, but he is not only destructive, but good to eat." After which one may credit the story of the fly-exterminator whose winding ways tempted *Musca domestica* to a hole through which he fell, to break his neck on the marble slab below!

So to the python. "There is one provision of nature for the baby snake, and, I believe, other small reptiles as well, that has always interested me: to enable it to open the egg and come into the world, the little creature is provided with an egg-tooth on

* "Jungle Beasts I Have Captured." By Charles Mayer, Author of "Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles." Illustrated. (William Heinemann, Ltd.; 15s. net.)

WILL THE "NAVAL BASE" PLAN REVIVE? SINGAPORE—ITS CHINATOWN.

FROM THE DRAWING BY L. SABATTIER.



IN SINGAPORE'S CHINESE COLONY: A TRAVELLING RESTAURANT DISPENSING TEA AND STEW.

The General Election suggested the possibility that a change of Government might mean a reversal of the decision, announced by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald last March, not to proceed with the proposed new naval base at Singapore. In any event, the question remains one of great importance to the Empire. The above illustration, however, is concerned with the picturesque rather than the political aspect of Singapore. The city has a large Chinese quarter, whose population preserves its native manners and customs, and includes many small shopkeepers, such as tailors, laundresses, curio-sellers, and coolies employed as dock-labourers. "The

small travelling restaurants," says a French writer describing M. Sabattier's drawing, "are quite typical of this attachment to home customs. At daybreak they begin to move about discreetly in the still almost deserted streets, quietly setting down their double load to serve a morning customer, or to fan the little fire under the cooking-pot in which strange meats are simmering. The lantern shop-signs themselves give a Chinese touch to the street, and render slightly ridiculous the old-fashioned gas lamp-post, which may since perhaps have given place to a fine electric standard."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

AN ANAGLYPH FOR ARMISTICE DAY: THE CENOTAPH IN RELIEF



TRADING CITY IS REMINDED OF SACRIFICED "GLORIOUS DEAD": THE WHITEHALL CENOTAPH
 HERE TO CONTRAST OLD AND NEW AND A TYPICAL GROUP OF DAILY PILGRIMS.

The Cenotaph is situated in the Strand, a few yards from the Whitehall end of the Strand, and is a simple, rectangular, white stone monument. It is surrounded by a low wall and a bed of flowers. In the background, there are trees and a street with a few people and a horse-drawn carriage.

The Cenotaph is a simple, rectangular, white stone monument. It is surrounded by a low wall and a bed of flowers. In the background, there are trees and a street with a few people and a horse-drawn carriage.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

HEREDITY as a key to biography comes more and more into its own. There may be a risk of error, when the record is obscure, and when characteristics traceable in a man or woman lead to a search for corresponding or explanatory ancestral traits, but the quest is always worth pushing a step further, and not infrequently, like Serjeant Buzfuz, "we get at something at last." A success of this sort has just fallen to the bow and spear of a biographer whose subject offers the most tempting field for research, being none other than Robert Louis Stevenson. Of him, it may be objected, enough and to spare has been written already, and some may contend that he stands fully explained in Sir Graham Balfour's "Life" and in the "Letters"; but the novelist's complex personality presents certain facets which hitherto the genealogist has been unable to refer to any ancestor.

"R. L. S.," sprung of Edinburgh burgher ancestry, was something of a portent—not to say a freak. The Covenanting strain could be accounted for easily enough, but the aggressive Bohemian was another matter. Investigators who placed his personality under the microscope suspected an element of the Celt. He himself believed in it, and went to great pains, not very successfully, to establish a Highland connection. But the Gael did not exhaust the suspicion. Something French there was in the make-up of this Lowland Scot, who at so many points seemed the negation of the Caledonian. But French forebears have remained a wild surmise until the present moment. Now another biographer, persuaded in his own mind of a French ancestry for Stevenson, has gone deeper into the family history than any previous student, and has discovered things the family did not know. In "ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: MAN AND WRITER" (Sampson, Low; 2 vols.; 32s.), Mr. J. A. Steuart has brought to light facts that would have given Stevenson the most exquisite assurance of his own romantic authenticity.

"R. L. S." imagined for himself, by some dim intuition, a "potential ancestry" among Highland clans and fabled barber-surgeons from France. The barber-surgeon remains a myth, but Mr. Steuart has discovered, late in the sixteenth or very early in the seventeenth century, a French ancestor, an *émigré* named Lisouris, who settled in the Scottish capital, where the name, corrupted into Lizars, is still honourably known in applied science. "Manifestly," says Mr. Steuart, "they were men of ambition and ability, with a decided bent for art, manifestly a Gallic heritage." One became a noted engraver, and Sir David Wilkie was of the stock, on the female side. "To students of heredity this eminence in the plastic arts is significant for what it suggests in the coming writer of romance who was to make a yet wider and more intimate appeal" in the interpretation of the national character.

The French connection came through Margaret Lizars, mother of Henrietta Smith, wife of the Rev. Lewis Balfour of Colinton, Stevenson's maternal grandfather. In Margaret ran also the blood of the wild Blairs of Ardblair, in Blairgowrie—curious, turbulent men with whom Mr. Steuart brings us acquainted. These strains were in odd contrast to the pieties of Colinton Manse. "There is a touch of satire in the fact that the heterodox Louis Stevenson got the traits, the tastes and peculiarities which were to make him at once a riddle and an offence to so many from that home of respectability and orthodoxy. But Fate is ever the subtlest of satirists. In tracing Stevenson's life and career," continues his latest and most outspoken biographer, "we shall have to bear constantly in mind those strange, far-off sources, that mingled inheritance which gave the final bent to his character and genius." Through another Balfour ancestress Stevenson comes remotely into touch with the Gordons of Gight, and so into distant cousinship with Byron!

"A riddle and an offence to many"—Mr. Steuart's phrase resounds like a keynote. The riddle is now in great measure read; the offence is made more manifest, yet more intelligible than ever before, in this absorbing book, which there is no laying down. The pages of these two goodly volumes speed by on wings. Uncompromising in its treatment, this portrait only gains in absolute fairness to its subject. Hitherto the full story of Stevenson's early frowardness has been veiled by a considerate charity. It has been understood in a vague way that he was at one period rather impossible, but an impression is abroad that his youthful vagaries were exaggerated and looked upon too much askance by sanctimonious Edinburgh. On the other hand, some have set him upon a pedestal of virtue he would have been the last to claim. In one of his letters, after a description of Waverley Station at night—a masterly vignette of bleak gaslight effect and chill night wind—he adds, "Satan met me there." That was the period of young "Velvet-Coat's" dingy adventures, now for the first time made explicit, not harshly, but with the touch of the sympathetic expositor.

It is well to know the facts, as they are. Henceforth there can be no mistake. Mr. Steuart's frank details purge away the unhealthiness that arises from dark and furtive hints. Stevenson is thereby better understood. So he would have wished it. "Partiality," he said himself, "is immorality. If you are so seriously pained by the misconduct of your subject and so paternally delighted with his virtues, you will always be an excellent gentleman, but a somewhat questionable biographer."

In the end Stevenson benefits by his biographer's perfect candour. And not Stevenson alone, but his father. Popular opinion has judged somewhat harshly of Thomas Stevenson, as a dour, close-fisted, and imperfectly understanding parent. Now we know exactly what he had to put up with; we know, too, how sharp and cruel were the wounds Louis inflicted upon his mother in his adolescence and young manhood. The ludicrous affectation of slovenly and would-be picturesque dress, the perverse superiority of manner, the blatancy of callow heterodoxy were minor matters, to be viewed with a humorous eye. There was a disreputable phase, and later a trying though not scandalous phase, which many parents, and these not Puritans, would have found it impossible to forgive. The door would have been barred irrevocably on the prodigal. But the door was kept open and the forbearance perennial. No revelation in this book can equal that of Thomas Stevenson's magnanimity and generosity. He had his



FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF 82 YEARS AGO: "CATCHING A WHALE, OFF DEPTFORD PIER."

Our issue of October 29, 1842, which contained this drawing, says of it: "On Sunday afternoon (the 23rd) several watermen on duty at Bellwater-gate, near the Deptford pier, observed a huge dark substance projecting above the surface of the river . . . between the pier and the Dreadnought Seamen's Hospital-ship. Five of them put off in their boat, and one of them, armed with a large bearded spear, commenced the attack upon the monster, which soon showed symptoms of weakness, and threw up large quantities of water from the aperture on its back. The other boats surrounded the animal and pushed it along with their boat-hooks close under the pier, where they finally despatched him, and with strong cords and pulleys raised him, with much difficulty, upon the pier. . . . The animal is known by persons accustomed to the whale fishery as a fin back or fin fish. . . . He is supposed to have gone blind in the river while in pursuit of herrings."

reward, for he lived to realise that his son was worth it all.

This is, however, but an incident in the narrative, and, if its force has led to disproportionate comment here, that must not be allowed to distort the true and just perspective of the entire portrait. It is an entirely human Stevenson that stands out from Mr. Steuart's canvas, a man whose failings, candidly portrayed, only heighten his admirable qualities—his blithe and unfailing courage amid bodily infirmity and the long struggle for economic independence. It is no news that his body was frail, but the full and ghastly realisation of his ill-health has been withheld till now. With a deeper and more poignant significance, Stevenson might have said, paraphrasing his favourite Sir Thomas Browne: "As for my life, it is a miracle of four-and-forty years." His survival in the struggle for literary reward, despite extraordinary accidents of good fortune in the early praise and friendship of the elect (whose patronage, however, buttered but few parsnips), was also a miracle. During a period when the parental bounty was suspended, an almost penniless R. L. S., ill and spent with a miserable Atlantic passage, made the dreary round of New York editorial offices offering his MSS. in vain. "The picture of Robert Louis Stevenson trudging the streets of New York in a puddling, soaking rain, hawking wares which nobody would buy, is strange now almost to the point of incredibility. To him it was a grim enough reality."

Doubtless appearances were against him. It is hard to recognise genius in the guise of a tramp, and eleven days of discomforts at sea had somewhat over-emphasised his customary Bohemianism of attire.

With this first reception of Stevenson in America, Mr. Steuart contrasts that of Dickens. "For Stevenson there were no garlands, no festivities, no congratulatory letters or verses, no flattering speeches about inimitable genius. If Dickens represented the zenith of popularity, Stevenson certainly represented the very nadir." Honour was, however, to come from America, even to the garlands and festivities. Of the long, hard way thither, Mr. Steuart

writes with minute fidelity, understanding, and sympathy. He presents a considerable amount of new literary material, some of which throws fresh and very interesting light on the methods of the Stevensonian workshop. Above all, the biographer's purpose has been to avoid making "a portrait that could be hung in the dining-room, with the lights turned high on certain features and on certain others lowered so that these are softened or obscured to the point of extinction." He has thus made it possible to estimate Henley's apparently disloyal attack at its true value. Hitherto that critic's controversial position has not been fully understood. Although he may have indulged some personal rancour, his main object was to protest against a partial and in places exaggerated view of Stevenson's character. Mr. Steuart has cleared the air in a biography that observes jealously R. L. S.'s own precept—"truth to the fact and a good spirit in the treatment."

It seems nowadays to be increasingly difficult to keep any book, even the most serious and careful, free from strange typographical blunders. The present is a case in point, and the blame in one case at least can hardly lie at the author's door, for the error is the mis-spelling throughout the whole work of a famous title, which is given consistently, down even to the Index, as *Virginibus Puerisque*! It looks like the eleventh-hour emendation of some sedulous but ill-informed reviser. Mr. Steuart has our sympathy, if he be the victim. It is impossible to believe that he is himself the transgressor.

Various books in the current lists have yielded incidental proof not only of the popularity but also of the authority of Stevenson. For example, it is to an essay of his that the author of a very important new volume of literary history and criticism has turned as a text for his discussion of the art of fiction. If he does not find R. L. S.'s definition of fiction in "A Humble Remonstrance" entirely satisfactory, he acknowledges that the essay gives the clue to a more complete definition of the novel as "the interpretation of human life by means of fictitious narrative in prose." With this enlargement of Stevenson's "invaluable maxims," Mr. Ernest E. Baker, Lecturer on Librarianship at University College, London, proceeds to his "HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL FROM THE BEGINNINGS TO THE RENAISSANCE" (Witherby; 16s.), a first instalment of a work that embodies the labours of years of scholarly research. Here the author deals with English prose fiction in the ages before the Tudor period, "ages which have usually been considered irrelevant to the study of the English novel." In further volumes he will bring his study down to the present day. Although primarily a book for the student, this introduction to a great subject has a clarity of style and a compelling interest that will commend its curious learning to the general reader.

Yet once more Stevenson claims a considerable share in another new book where he is represented as a pioneer of Empire, even an Empire-builder. With one interpretation of Imperialism he had little enough sympathy, but there is a sense in which he may fairly enough be held to have contributed to the brotherhood of Britons overseas. In "THE LITERATURE AND ART OF THE EMPIRE" (Collins; 16s.), the latest volume of a series already noticed at some length on this page, Mr. Edward Salmon says of R. L. S.: "He was in early days an 'amateur emigrant,' in later a real pioneer, and, physical sufferer as he was, he had in him the very qualities of the Empire-builder. He imagined wonders, and he went out into the world to perform wonders. Raleighs of the dormitory and the arm-chair, boy and man, read 'Treasure Island' anew and dreamed dreams anew of El Dorados . . . he transmuted actualities into romance. To his misfortune so bravely borne, thousands owe their impressions of the Pacific and its island peoples. Vailima is as familiar as Abbotsford." (For the full significance of the last parallel consult Mr. Steuart, who has suggested something of Scott's benevolent feudalism in Stevenson's attitude towards his South Sea home and its troops of retainers.) Mr. Salmon's book, although manifestly a too hasty attempt to compress a vast subject into small compass, succeeds despite its limitations in giving a comprehensive outline of overseas literature. The section on Art is contributed by Major A. A. Longden, whose name and work are familiar in connection with the Art Section of the Empire Exhibition.

Finally, it is appropriate to the main subject of this article to commend a little novel, which in its leading idea recalls "Jekyll and Hyde." It is a weird and gripping episode of the substitution of souls—not a pulp morality of the good and evil principle alternately inhabiting one body, but an original ethical situation suggested by the present vogue of psychic experiment. This is Major A. J. Dawson's "HIS MORTAL TENEMENT" (Grant Richards; 3s. 6d.), a thriller you should read—but not too late at night.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF INTERESTING NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., MANUEL (PARIS), TOPICAL, AND I.B.



A GREAT LANDSLIP IN INDIA: MASSES OF FALLEN SOIL THAT OVERWHELMED AN HOTEL (WHICH STOOD JUST IN FRONT OF THE MAN ON THE LEFT) AND MANY HOUSES AT NAINI TAL.



THE KING OF ITALY'S FIRST GRANDCHILD: THE LITTLE COUNTESS MARIA LUDOVICA CALVI WITH HER MOTHER, COUNTESS CALVI (PRINCESS YOLANDA).



A HINDU-MOSLEM CONFLICT IN INDIA: BAZAARS SET ON FIRE AT KOHAT ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE RIOTS.



TO BE THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR IN LONDON: M. DE FLEURIAU, FRENCH MINISTER IN CHINA.



LIKE YPRES IN 1915: KOHAT ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE RIOTS; IN WHICH 20 HINDUS AND 11 MOSLEMS WERE KILLED.



A SOVIET SHIP LYING AT A WELSH PORT IN THE PREMIER'S CONSTITUENCY: THE "TOVARISTCH" AT PORT TALBOT, NEAR ABERAVON, GLAMORGANSHIRE.

A great landslide occurred in India on September 29 at Naini Tal, Kumaon (United Provinces) as a result of abnormal rainfall. No lives were lost.—At Kohat, in the Punjab, Hindu-Moslem riots broke out on September 9 and lasted for several days. They were ascribed to an offensive pamphlet insulting the Moslem Holy Places. The Hindu casualties were 20 killed, and 86 injured; 11 Moslems were killed, and 23 injured.—Princess Yolanda, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, was married in Rome on April 9, 1923, to Count Calvi di Bergolo.—M. de Fleuriau, who is to succeed the Comte de St. Aulaire as French Ambassador to Great Britain, was in London for nearly 22 years (up to 1921) as Counsellor



EXCITEMENT AT GLOUCESTER OVER THE TRIAL OF DR. HADWEN (AN ANTI-VACCINATIONIST) ON A CHARGE OF MANSLAUGHTER: A CROWD AND POLICE OUTSIDE THE ASSIZE COURT.

of the French Embassy.—Dr. W. R. Hadwen, of Gloucester, a prominent anti-vaccinationist, J.P., and evangelical preacher, was charged with manslaughter in connection with the death of a little girl attended by him and certified as having died of diphtheria and pneumonia. The trial opened on October 27 and attracted great crowds to the Assize Court.—It was stated on October 23 that the Soviet ship "Tovaristch" had been lying in Port Talbot for several weeks, and that certain members of the Labour Party had been in close touch with her captain and had mixed with the crew. Some Liberal speakers in the locality attributed disturbances to this influence, but the suggestion was officially discredited.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.



HER MAJESTY.

FROM THE CAMERA-PORTRAIT BY E. O. HOPPE.

ABOVE ALL POLITICS.



AT HIS WORK-DESK: THE KING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

FROM THE CAMERA-PORTRAIT BY E. O. HOPPE.



GENERAL ELECTION NIGHT IN LONDON: WATCHING THE RESULTS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY STEVEN SPURRIER R.O.I. (COPYRIGHT).



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ON THE WAR PATH!

By W. P. Pyecraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE spirit of fighting is just now rampaging through the land, and not even the mildest-mannered man who ever cut a throat can escape infection. Some of us catch it badly. Perhaps this is why the authorities who control the policy of the Zoological Society have just imported some fresh specimens of the fighting-fish (Fig. 1), to place in their wonderful Aquarium! Yet I am sure their courage will fail them at the last moment: they will not even stage a two-minute round. Let us hope they may be tempted to permit a "sparring match" by placing two fish in adjacent tanks, divided by a glass partition. And this because it is only when in a state of frenzy that these "bantam-weights" can be seen at their best. Normally *Betta pugnax* is a very ordinary-looking little fish, but when he stands up for a fight, his whole body shines with metallic colours of dazzling beauty; while the projected gill-membrane, waving like a black frill round the throat, adds something of grotesqueness to the general effect.

The Siamese do things differently. They breed this little fish as the Spaniards do bulls, and for a like purpose. On the issue of a single combat they will stake considerable sums. A man has even been known to stake his own freedom on a single combat, so that he becomes the slave of the owner of the victorious fish. How deep a hold this form of sport has obtained on the people may be gauged by the fact that it is made to furnish a considerable revenue to the State, no exhibition of fish-fighting being allowed save by those holding a licence.

That these contests are no mere sparring matches is shown by the fact that neither of the combatants

birds fighting in a natural state. Betting on the results of such contests was always heavy.

The Malays were, and probably still are, ravenous



FIG. 1.—BRED BY THE SIAMESE FOR BETTING COMBATS: THE FIGHTING FISH, NOW REPRESENTED IN THE "ZOO" AQUARIUM.

"The Fighting-fish is bred by the Siamese for combats on which they stake large sums. When excited the body of the fish glows and flashes with a surprising brilliancy."

in their appetite for this sport. With them, however, the bird is not "trimmed" for fighting by the removal of the comb or clipping the feathers. They,

inches long, and as sharp as a razor, which is fixed to the hind-toe, and further secured by a steel fork running upwards from the base of the toe to embrace the natural spur, which is not removed. The naturalist Belt tells us that a precisely similar weapon was used in Nicaragua during his stay there. All classes, he remarks, are fond of this amusement, which forms the chief recreation of the towns on Sunday afternoons. In China the common quail, and in parts of India the jungle bush-quail, are kept in confinement for the purposes of providing sport in fighting.

A special breed of sheep, bred in the eastern Himalayas, in the country round Sikkim, and known as the Barwal (Fig. 4), is used for fighting in India; either with their own fellows or, as I have heard, "with other animals," though, so far, I have been unable to discover what these "other animals" are. It is a stoutly built creature, with massive horns sweeping downwards and forward close to the side of the head, which is characterised as markedly "Roman-nosed." The shock with which two of these rams meet, after rushing at one another from a considerable distance, is absolutely astounding, the sound of the impact of their heads being audible at two or three hundred yards. One marvels that they are not knocked senseless.

In Nepal a very extraordinary "freak race" of the barwal is produced, known as the Unicorn sheep (Fig. 2). Two specimens of this strange breed were brought to this country in 1906, among the collections of Nepalese animals presented to King George V., when Prince of Wales. They were exhibited, it may be remembered, at the Gardens of



FIG. 2.—PRODUCED ARTIFICIALLY BY BRANDING THE SPROUTING HORNS OF MALE LAMBS: THE SINGLE HORN OF THE "UNICORN" SHEEP.

"This head of a 'Unicorn' sheep shows the pair of horns fused to form one solid mass. Only at the tip is there any evidence of the originally paired condition."

ever makes a second appearance in public; since, though they rarely have a fatal termination, the punishment they receive renders them unfit for further battles, and they are relegated to the stud, for they breed freely in captivity. "How deplorable!" we exclaim. Yet it is not so very long ago since the vastly more disreputable "sport" of "cock-fighting" was rife among us. Its utter beastliness was recognised so long ago as the reign of Edward III., who forbade its practice. Nevertheless, it survived even into our own times, though probably during the last forty years few such contests have taken place.

The "Game-cock" was the breed used for this purpose. Long-legged and long-necked, extremely muscular, and with a markedly upright carriage, it was eminently fitted for the rôle it so willingly played. Before the combat each bird went through a severe course of training, and no bird was entered until it had been properly "trimmed." The comb was cut off, the neck-hackles, long tail-coverts, and tail feathers were cut short, as shown in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 3). Furthermore, the natural spurs, formidable weapons though they were, were sawn off, and to their stumps were affixed long steel spurs, which inflicted most terrible wounds; so much so that one or both birds were often killed within a few minutes of the commencement of the fight. The removal of the comb and the clipping of the plumage was insisted on, in order that neither of the combatants should obtain a hold upon his adversary—an advantage invariably seized upon by



FIG. 3.—SHORN OF HIS NECK FEATHERS AND ARMED WITH STEEL SPURS: A GAME-COCK "TRIMMED" FOR BATTLE.

"The comb is removed and the long neck-hackles and tail-coverts, as well as the tail feathers and wing quills, are cut back in order to prevent any hold to its adversary."

too, use an artificial spur, which is an even more formidable weapon than that used in England. It takes the form of a lancet-like blade, three



FIG. 5.—FORMERLY USED FOR BULL AND BEAR-BAITING: THE "OLD ENGLISH" BULLDOG, VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE BULLDOG OF TO-DAY.

"From the 'Old English' bulldog the modern bulldog of the show-bench is derived. Unfortunately, no actual remains of this animal are known, save an odd skull or two."



FIG. 4.—THE FAMOUS FIGHTING SHEEP OF INDIA: THE HEAD OF A BARWAL, WHOSE RAMMING IMPACT IS HEARD FOR 300 YARDS.

"The shock with which two of these rams meet is absolutely astounding, the sound of the impact of their heads being audible at two or three hundred yards."

the Zoological Society. It was at first believed that the single massive horn which turned directly backward in a bold sweep from the forehead to the back of the neck, but bifurcating towards the tip, was a perfectly natural growth. Enquiry showed, however, that this was a purely artificial feature, produced by branding the normal, sprouting horns of male lambs when about two months old. The seared surface is then treated with oil and soot. Further control is then induced by means of bandages. The "Kaffirs" of South Africa sometimes deal in a similar manner with the horns of cattle.

Finally, mention must be made of the dog-fights which had once, and not so long ago, so great a hold on our countrymen. This revolting form of "sport" was furnished by the "bulldog" (Fig. 5), used also for the purpose of bull and bear baiting. But the bulldog of that day was very different from the animal known as the bulldog to-day, which is a product of the "fancier" and the show-bench, a grotesque travesty of ferocity, quite incapable of the feats of his forebears. Ugly he still is, but vastly improved in temper. In my youth, indeed, I possessed one of this breed, typical of the modern bulldog, and of a most affectionate disposition. As I took my walks abroad with him, people would prefer to pass by on the other side, for he had a most wicked-looking face. But they needn't have worried!

Much of our electioneering bluster is of this bulldog type: there is a tremendous show of ferocity, but no great harm comes of it.



WILLS'S
GOLD FLAKE
10 for 6^d CIGARETTES

J. R. Alegre

W. G. Smith

FROM THE STRIKING POSTER NOW APPEARING ON THE HOARDINGS

CLOCKWORK AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

By COURTESY OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."

THE forthcoming election (on November 4) of a new President of the United States lends interest to this wonderful clock constructed at Chicago. The upper photograph shows the mechanism by which figures of the successive Presidents are made to appear at intervals in a niche on the front, as seen in the lower illustration. The whole instrument was described in an article on clocks by Mr. William T. Walsh, published in the "Scientific American" some years ago. "The clocks of to-day," he writes, "do not surpass, or even equal, those of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in the wonder and beauty of their construction. Clocks are common things; every householder has at least one. We do not have to depend upon the great time-piece of church belfry or of tower. Relatively, like everything else in this modern day, because of its common character, the clock has lost something in importance. Still, the charm endures of creating unusual types. For instance, in the very modern city of Chicago, the spirit of the old clockmakers lives in the person of one Franz Bohacek, a native of Patzau, Bohemia. Twenty years of careful, patient labour have seen his efforts crowned by the completion of what is one of the most remarkable time-pieces ever seen in America. In it the maker has combined the artistic spirit of the craftsman of the middle Ages with the accuracy of the twentieth century man of science. Bohacek's clock, made up of more than 1000 parts, is two storeys high. Its weights are so heavy that two windlasses must be employed to wind them up. It is a very elaborate affair altogether, and yet every part has a specific reason for being. It has five dials. The first of these is that of the ordinary clock—merely for telling the time of day. The second also is for that purpose, only in place of twelve numbers there are

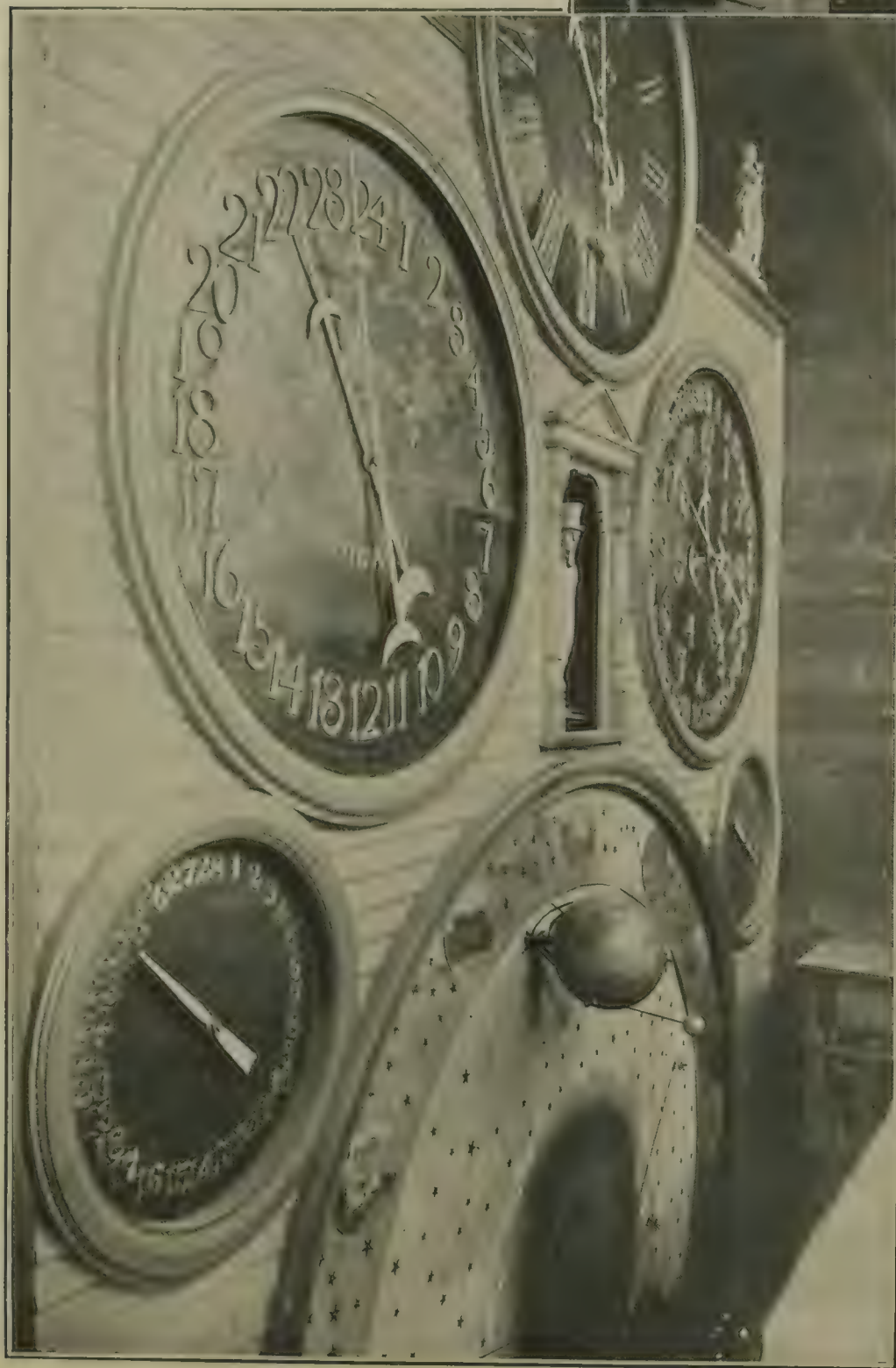
(Continued below.)

WHERE PRESIDENT SUCCEEDS PRESIDENT WITH CLOCKWORK REGULARITY: INTERIOR MECHANISM OF FRANZ BOHACEK'S WONDERFUL CLOCK AT CHICAGO, SHOWING SOME OF THE FIGURES OF PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES WHICH APPEAR AT INTERVALS.

The figures here visible are those of the first eight Presidents—(from right to left) George Washington (1789-97), John Adams (1797-1801), Thomas Jefferson (1801-9), James Madison (1809-17), James Monroe (1817-25), John Quincy Adams (1825-9), Andrew Jackson (1829-37), and Martin Van Buren (1837-41).

(Continued.)

twenty-four, somewhat in the style of the old one-hand Italian clocks. On the next dial the day of the week, the day of the month, and the month of the year are indicated by three series of numbers, and three hands. The fourth dial, six feet in diameter, represents the solar system, with the sun in the centre, and the various planets revolving about it. The celestial bodies travel in exact accord with the real solar system itself. The fifth and last dial marks time in exact, or practically exact, harmony with the laws of astronomy. As everyone knows, the year consists of 365 days 5 hours 48 min. 46 sec.; each of the months, 13 in number, has, therefore, 28 days, and each day consists of 24 hours 4 min. 54 sec. On Bohacek's clock, a second, as measured by ordinary clocks, is 0.00341275 of a second longer. This is not precisely right, being in a day 85-100th of a second slow—a slight discrepancy, all things considered. This clock has many other remarkable features besides those already mentioned. There are figures that represent various events in American history. There are figures for all the Presidents of the United States, and one held in reserve. These figures appear at appropriate moments." As several more Presidents have held office since this account of the clock was written, possibly the mechanism of this section of it may have been altered accordingly. It may be pointed out also that, while the writer enumerates only five dials, the photograph shows six.



SHOWING THE FIGURE OF A PRESIDENT AT THE CENTRAL APERTURE: BOHACEK'S CLOCK AT CHICAGO, WITH ITS VARIOUS DIALS. INCLUDING ONE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM (BELOW).

BUCHANAN'S



“BLACK & WHITE”

“BLACK & WHITE” is unequalled for mellowed softness and delicate bouquet, which only a blend of age-matured whiskies can give.

The holding of the Largest Stocks of Matured Scotch Whiskies assures a commanding position and guarantees a maintenance of Age and Quality.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1.



THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THAT the King and Queen have been deeply interested in the Election goes without saying, although their position is above all politics, in which they scrupulously refrain from showing any opinion or any bias whatever. At Sandringham their Majesties had a visit from Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles. They saw much of Queen Alexandra, and of Queen Maud. Prince Olaf was over from Oxford for a short visit. The King and Prince Henry were shooting very frequently—the Sandringham estate partridges and pheasants are famous, and wild-fowl shooting on the flats is excellent, but will be better later on. Queen Alexandra, although frail, is well, and interested in all that goes on.

When one remembers the scenes at Tattenham Corner Station during Derby week, it seemed strange, when motoring past it the other day, to put up a big covey of partridges and to mark them down quite close up to the station itself, which belches forth humanity like swarms of locusts on race days. Now it is a quiet place, wherein is no sign of life, save at night, when a watchman is on duty. Partridges and people have rather different ideas about enjoying life.

The Motor Show suffered little, if any, eclipse by the Election. The mind of man is very much occupied by engines, and women flock to the Show, many of them much intrigued by the hope of finding cars with roof-room for their pet hats, and with the yet more important question of easy and graceful getting in and out.

Our big business firms are the backbone of our philanthropic effort. It is, therefore, no surprise to find that the well-known firm of Gamage has consented to act as stewards on behalf of the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham and Swanley, Kent, of which the Duke of York is President. The firm had the largest list on both previous occasions. There is very special reason why it should be well supported by our good readers now. A friend has offered to give £25,000 to the Homes if, by Nov. 3,

or orphan boys, who are received in infancy and thoroughly-trained and equipped for life. What could be better? These Homes were the pioneers of the Cottage system, whereby the little fellows are secured the atmosphere of home life. Many fine men owe their success in life to them, and in



A tablier of jet and crystal beads enhances this distinctive evening frock from Debenham and Freebody's Inexpensive Gown Salon. (See page 848.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

these days of no apprenticeship the boys prove unusually efficient. So please, kind and dear readers, do your best to secure this £25,000 for so splendid an object. Gamages will gladly send full particulars, and will gratefully acknowledge any contributions, small or large. The time is short, the work of the Homes is long.

The chief object of the younger women of to-day seems to be to shuffle off some mortal coils of flesh in order to attain the proper proportions for the slim silhouette. Indeed, this object is not confined to women younger in years, but to women of all years. They had better be careful lest they shuffle off their whole mortal coil, or, worse still, change good health for indifferent. This thinning process is unsafe, save under the orders of a well-known and thoroughly reliable medical man. A lady whose youth is indeed a mere memory is jubilant over the loss in one year of three stone of her too, too solid flesh. 'Tis true she has sustained the loss, and pity 'tis 'tis true, for with it she has lost fullness of face and a youthful, healthy look that, when she was buxom and well-liking, was an undoubted charm. Keeping fit is the one safe way of size-reduction. If flesh does get up it is safe only to get it down by exercise and self-denial—disagreeable doses in these luxury-loving days.

There is much written about a rage for colour this autumn. So far it has not materialised. Wherever smart women have been gathered together since their return to town, it has been generally observed that black and what used to be called sad-coloured garments were in the ascendant. Such colour as there is might be hailed as accentuation of the fawn, antelope, and champagne hues so much beloved during the past season. They have developed into ochre, nasturtium reds, terracotta, orange, flame, etc., and are seen in small quantity only. Here and there are seen touches of other colour, chiefly blue and crimson; it is, however, safe to say that black is worn by six women out of ten, and it is

also safe to say that when it is stylish and smart, they look their best in it.

Winter sports and outfits for them are occupying the thoughts of many. At the risk of being thought an elderly and damp blanket and a spoil-sport, I want to warn winter sports people, especially the younger members of my own sex, against over-exertion. Many go out to Switzerland for holidays after probably a strenuous term at school. Between the exhilaration of the air and the fascination of the sports, they keep going all day, and then very likely dance at night, and when they get back home, the result is sagging to a more or less serious extent. One terrible example I know of, and others I have heard of. Older people simply cannot do it, and are safe, but youngsters will go till they drop if allowed, and in these days they suffer little control.

The New York clerks who have come out on strike and include in their demand a minimum wage of £400 a year, to enable them to buy their wives three pairs of silk stockings annually, are subtle fellows. They know how to secure the support of womankind. Silk stockings are a well-beloved feminine institution. The smart woman finds a great interest in her dressing, securing either exact matches or effective contrasts with her dress; failing either, the effect of bare legs. The less opulent of our sex busies herself in looking out for the cheapest fulfilment of these objects; the young ladies who work in offices and shops think of their display of legs on buses or at tennis, and tenderly cherish their necessarily limited supply of silk stockings; and the wives of men in somewhat similar positions look on silken hose as marks of gentility, and measure each other's social value by the clothing of their understandings.

Consequently the New York clerks are wise in their generation. Silk stockings have attained great importance. No woman can now contemplate rotten cotton stockings calmly. She would have to come down several rungs on the social ladder if she wore them, and in so doing must show her legs. Duchesses and lesser peeresses of the older



Picot-edged petal draperies add a graceful finishing touch to this delightful dance frock from the Inexpensive Gown Salon at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. (See page 848.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

the diamond jubilee of the Institution, a similar sum has been collected. No more patriotic object could exist than this. The Homes maintain 500 homeless



This charming dinner frock of lemon georgette decorated with rich embroidery may be studied in the Inexpensive Gown Salon at Debenham and Freebody's. (See page 848.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

régime take advantage of their rank, at times, to wear really comfortable winter hose. This advantage is, of course, monstrously unfair! A. E. L.



*The Dining Room
at Cawdor Castle.*

The Legend of Cawdor Castle

MANY centuries ago, so legend says, there lived a Scottish Thane who, having amassed the wherewithal to build a castle, could not decide upon its site. In his perplexity he sought the counsel of a "wise woman" who said, "Pack your treasure upon an ass and let the animal go its own way. Wherever the ass halts, there you must build."

Thus, we are told, was chosen the site for Cawdor Castle, south-west of Nairn. And perhaps it was this strange legend which brought Cawdor to Shakespeare's notice when he selected it as the scene for "Macbeth."

Haphazardly perhaps the site may have been chosen, but it was not so with the design of the building. Cawdor Castle was built strictly to the standard demanded by the turbulent times of feud and foray: the grey walls and rounded turrets bear that grim aspect typical of a mediæval Scottish fortress. The ancient interior too shows evidence of the same stern character in its oak panelling and tapestry, modified somewhat by the modelled plaster ceilings and carven fireplaces.

The hand of Time has rested lightly on these masterpieces of forgotten craftsmen; for Time, so ruthless to the inferior, emphasises the merits of the superior. A striking example of this tendency is found in John Haig Scotch Whisky, which for nearly three hundred years has grown steadily in favour with those who want the very best.



A Renaissance Cabinet showing "planted arch" design and inlaid panels.

Dye Ken
John Haig?



By Appointment.

THE ATOM AND THE NATURE OF THINGS.

(Continued from Page 812.)

each of them. The combined reflections acted upon a sensitive flame, making it flare as shown: but only if the distances between the sheets were properly adjusted.

The experiment of the X-ray and the crystal is the fundamental experiment of the new investigations into the structure of matter. It shows how the pattern units are spaced in the crystal.

The diamond (Fig. 7) is perhaps the most interesting of all the crystals in the world. It is remarkable for the beauty and simplicity of its structure, and important because it is the simplest of the forms in which the atoms of carbon join themselves together. The basis of structure of organic substances can be found within it. It is the hardest mineral that we know, and its brilliance makes it one of the most prized of all jewels. Here is a model of its structure (Fig. 8) as found by X-rays. It is already possible to explain many of the properties of the diamond from a consideration of the way in which Nature has designed it. The scale of the model is about one to a thousand million. Every carbon atom has four neighbours placed round it in a perfectly symmetrical manner. This is in perfect agreement with the long-established chemical fact that the carbon atom tends always to link itself with four other atoms and no more. For example, methane is a gas in which the molecule consists of a carbon atom linked to four hydrogen atoms. This is the marsh gas which is generated in marshy ground, and sometimes burns with a feeble light, the so-called will-of-the-wisp.

It is odd that the simple form in which carbon atoms group themselves should make so brilliant a gem, and that a form nearly as simple should be so opposite in character as graphite or black lead. A single crystal of graphite is almost unobtainable, and the X-ray methods are somewhat hampered in their application to the determination of its structure. Nevertheless, we can go forward a certain distance, and the result is shown by a special model (Fig. 5). A sheet of carbon atoms containing the hexagonal framework of the diamond is shown in Fig. 9. A second sheet, which would continue the diamond structure if it were placed as at A, shows the graphite structure if placed as at B. It has to be lifted up so that the distance between the layers is much greater in graphite than in diamond. One layer slides over the other very easily, and that is the reason why graphite splits again and again into innumerable

flakes. It is impossible to reduce it to powder in a mortar. It becomes simply a mass of fine flakes which slide over one another with the utmost ease. For the same reason, it is easy to slip on a black-leaded hearthstone, because some of the flakes cling to the hearthstone and some to the soles of one's shoes, and the flakes slide readily over one another. Graphite makes one of the best of lubricants.

The diamond and graphite structures are the only two which are composed of carbon alone. Structures of carbon and hydrogen, or carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, or the same with a flavouring of other atoms, are very numerous and form a most important part of the substances found in nature. Indeed, their study constitutes the bulk of the subject of organic chemistry. They are found as the main constituents of living organisms, whence their name: we meet them continually in industrial work, as in the dye industry, the leather industry, the cotton industry, the manufacture of explosives, and in many other places, so that their study is of the highest importance.

If we dissect the diamond structure, we arrive at combinations of carbon atoms which we find are the basis of all these organic compounds. We take the graphite sheet (Fig. 9) which we have formed by splitting the diamond in parallel planes; it is a hexagonal network. We now cut through certain bonds and divide the whole up into separate hexagons. Each carbon atom is now joined to two others; it has two idle bonds. To one of these we attach in each case a hydrogen atom, and we have now the famous benzene ring.

Benzene was discovered by Faraday in 1825; a few drops of his original liquid are preserved in the library of the Royal Institution. He did not know its form, only that six carbon and six hydrogen atoms went to the making of it. It was Kekulé who first guessed that the carbon atoms formed a closed chain.

The benzene ring is found in half of the sum-total of organic substances, and because some of the first to be studied were the essences of the lemons, oranges, and the like, the whole class of substances founded on the benzene ring has been called the "aromatic."

The placing of the hydrogen atoms round the benzene ring has quite removed the strong attachment to other rings which it had when it formed part of the graphite sheet. Benzene is a liquid at ordinary temperature. All sorts of additions and substitutions can be made to the ring, and every new substance made in this way has its own special properties.

The graphite sheet may be cut up in other ways: along the lines *a a* in Fig. 9, or, again, along the lines *b b*.

The chain may be of infinite length. Both these chains occur in Nature; they are the basis of the so-called chain compounds. Some of them have been investigated in this Institution. Dr. Muller and Dr. Shearer have found it possible to measure the length of the chain to a high degree of accuracy. Take, for instance, the latter chain: every carbon has vacancies for two attachments except the end carbons, which have three. Let one of them be satisfied with three hydrogens, and let the other end carry a special group formed of two oxygens and one hydrogen arranged as in Fig. 4. Then we have a series of substances called the "fatty acids," all known to chemists and named by them. Thus we have palmitic, myristic, lauric acid, etc. When the chain is short, the substance is liquid at ordinary temperature. But the longer chains belong to solid substances, and the longer the chain the higher the melting point.

When a little of one of the solid members of the series is melted and poured on to a piece of glass or mica, layers of molecules are formed on which all the molecules are perpendicular to the glass; and the layers lie above one another, hundreds in succession like a series of pile carpets, each hair of which represents a molecule. One of the terminals of the molecule in Fig. 4, that terminal in which oxygen atoms are found, has a strong tendency to join up with one of its own kind; and we find that this comes out in the arrangements of layers, for they lie alternately, first one way up and then the other way up; the pile carpets have their pile pointing upwards and downwards alternately. The connection between the terminals at the other ends of the chains is very weak, which is the reason, no doubt, why the solid substance is so greasy and slippery. It is the arrangement in layers which makes it possible to measure the lengths of the molecules by means of X-rays.

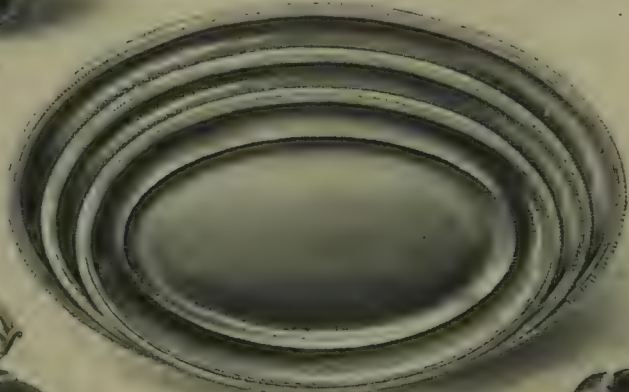
The *Orama*, the first of the three new 20,000-ton steamers being added to the Orient Line fleet, built at the Barrow works of Messrs. Vickers, Ltd., has been running her trials on the Clyde this week, when she attained speeds in excess of twenty knots. The *Orama* has left for London to take her place in the Orient Line service to Australia, sailing from London on the 15th inst. She has accommodation for 600 first-class and 1250 third-class passengers. Features of the new steamers are the unusually extensive deck space, the spaciousness of the public rooms, and the very large provision of single-berth cabins.



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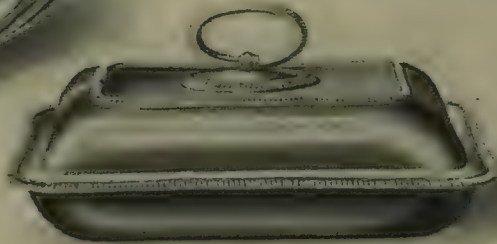
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE close of the Queen's Hall "Promenades" may be taken as the beginning of the autumn musical season, for the "Promenades" begin in summer, when a vast proportion of Londoners are at the seaside, and the final concert on Oct. 18 this year saw the last of the holiday-makers back at his desk facing the prospect of the long and not altogether uncomfortable winter, alleviated at any rate by intense musical activity.

The "Promenade" season which is now finished has been satisfactory artistically, and, I should think, financially also. The average attendance has been good, and frequently there has not been an empty seat in the hall. The visit of the King and Queen on Oct. 15 has given the "Promenades" an excellent advertisement; but it is rather a pity that this visit could not have been arranged for earlier in the season, as it is certain that there are hundreds of thousands of Londoners who even yet are not aware of the existence of the Queen's Hall or the Promenade Concerts, and they will have heard of them for the first time when they read the account of the visit of the King and Queen in their daily newspaper.

Musically, the chief interest of the season has been in the almost unknown Haydn and Mozart symphonies which have been given on Tuesday nights. The symphonies of Haydn—which were great favourites of Saint-Saëns, who used always to declare that the great merits of Haydn were not properly appreciated—have never been given to the world in a really definitive edition; but such an edition is in course of publication

by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, and it is from this edition that Sir Henry Wood has given us a number of Haydn's earlier symphonies this season. The examples we have heard fully justify Saint-Saëns's eulogies. They are without exception concise, fresh, and delightful works, the very antithesis of that dull, manufactured, boring, academic music which must have been in Mr. Arnold Bennett's mind when he declared, in his own inimitable way somewhere, that Mr. Haydn was a back number. In fact, some of Mr. Arnold Bennett's young musical friends—Mr.

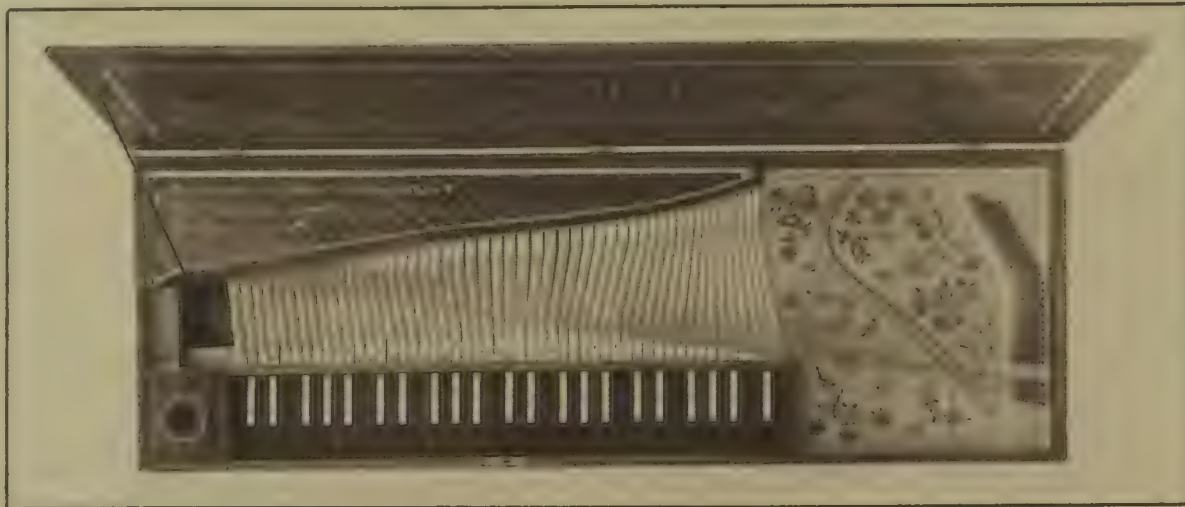
them, however, was at least one remarkable masterpiece—the early G minor Symphony, which has been completely overshadowed by Mozart's great work in the same key written many years later. Now that Sir Henry Wood has rediscovered this early G minor Symphony, it is to be hoped that he will keep it in the Promenade repertory, and that conductors in the provinces will take note of it.

The first arrivals of our autumn visitors, the "stars" of the musical world, have been Mme. Galli-

Curci and M. Serge Rachmaninoff. This was Mme. Galli-Curci's first visit, but the gramophone has made her voice familiar to an immense public. Still, one would have thought that Rachmaninoff, composer of the famous C sharp minor Prelude, was at least as familiar and as sensational a figure as Galli-Curci. He is certainly as fine a pianist as she is a singer, and a far more considerable musician and personality. Yet for some mysterious reason the whole of London seemed to think that it must go and hear Galli-Curci, and one heard people who never enter a concert-hall once in five years murmuring, "Are you going to Galli-Curci? I am simply dying to go," whereas there was no such universal rush to hear Rachmaninoff, although he had the Queen's Hall filled at his two recitals, as he deserved to have.

There is no doubt singers have a peculiar and altogether special attraction for the public; violinists come next, and then pianists. Composers follow a long way behind. Richard Strauss, for example, who is incomparably the greatest composer now living, and indubitably a future classic, had the Albert Hall half-

[Continued overleaf.]



PRESENTED TO THE POET LAUREATE (MR. ROBERT BRIDGES) ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY: A CLAVICHORD INSCRIBED "MUSICA, POESIS, AVETE SORORES GEMINÆ."

Mr. Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, attained his eightieth birthday on October 23. Under the auspices of the Royal Society of Literature, friends and admirers presented him on the occasion with this clavichord—a gift of his own choice—specially made by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch. The Latin inscription means: "Music, Poetry, hail! twin sisters." Mr. Bridges was born in Kent in 1844, and became Poet Laureate in 1913. Among the many distinguished subscribers to the gift were Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Sir Henry Newbolt, and Mr. W. B. Yeats.—[Photograph by Emery Walker, Ltd.]

Arnold Bax, for example—would be all the better for a little of Haydn's terse, sparkling vivacity; and I can think of no works more suitable to small string bands and popular audiences everywhere than these Haydn symphonies.

The early Mozart symphonies were also a great treat, but it was noticeable that these early works showed a certain youthful exuberance and redundancy in marked contrast to the Haydn symphonies. Among

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GLASGOW.

LONDON.

empty when he came here two years ago to give an orchestral concert of his own works. Yet what would the musical public of to-day give if it could go and see Beethoven or Richard Wagner conduct a concert of his own compositions? Nevertheless, it neglects the Beethovens and Wagners of to-day as it neglected those of the past, and runs madly after much advertised vocal acrobats and prestidigitators. Music fares even worse than the musician. The performance of that rarely heard masterpiece, Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique," at the first of the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts this season, should have sold out every seat weeks beforehand. For this symphony, composed in 1830, is the quintessence of romanticism, and the father of all symphonic poems and tone-poems from Liszt to Richard Strauss. It is truly inspired music, and its quality is shown by the fact that, although now nearly a hundred years old, it does not date in the slightest degree. In fact, it sounded every bit as modern as the Strauss "Don Juan" which preceded it on the programme; but there is in the Strauss none of the romantic sensibility and tenderness, the reckless audacity, the macabre imagination of the great French composer, who must, I think, be accounted as France's greatest contribution so far to the world of music. In passing, I should like to recommend Berlioz's Autobiography (of which there is a translation published in the Everyman Library) to my readers. It is one of the most

fascinating of books, from which I will give one short quotation—

The end of my career is in sight, or, if not the end, yet are my feet set on the steep slope leading to the goal; worn and tired, I am consumed by a burning fire that

sometimes rages with such violence as to frighten me. I begin to know French, to write fairly a page of verse, prose, or score; I love an orchestra, and can direct it; I worship art in every form. But I belong to a nation that cares for none of these things. Parisians are barbarians. Not one rich man in ten has a library, no one buys books—they hire feeble novels at a penny a volume from circulating libraries: this is sufficient mental food for all classes. For a few francs a month they hire from the music-shops the flat and dreary compositions with which they overflow. What have I to do with Paris? That Paris—the apotheosis of industrialism in art—that casts a scornful eye upon me, holding me only too honoured in fulfilling my calling of pamphleteer, for which alone, it holds, I came into the world.

I am nearly sixty-one: past hope, past visions, past high thoughts; my son is far away; I am alone; my scorn for the dishonesty and imbecility of men, my hatred of their insane malignity are at their height; and every day I say again to Death: "When thou wilt!"

Why does he tarry?

Berlioz was a very great man; and, if we had a proper sense of values, every time a work of his was to be performed we should go to it as if it were a solemn festival at which we were to be initiated, according to our capacity, into some of the great mysteries of life. For there have been very few artists of this rank in the world. They are not to be confused with the many talented, delightful, and in their way valuable entertainers who so often usurp the proud name of artist, which rightly should be reserved for such men as Berlioz alone. W. J. TURNER.



A FAMOUS SAILOR BURIED AT SEA: THE LAST RITES AFTER THE CASKET CONTAINING THE ASHES OF ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT HAD BEEN COMMITTED TO THE SEA FROM H.M.S. "TRUANT" NEAR PORTSMOUTH—SHOWING WREATHS FLOATING ON THE WATER.

After the funeral service for the late Sir Percy Scott at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on October 22, the body was cremated at Golders Green. On the next day, according to his own wish, the casket containing his ashes was buried at sea. The ceremony, which was very simple, took place on board the destroyer "Truant," off the Nab Tower lighthouse, twelve miles from Portsmouth. The oak casket, covered with the Union Jack, was placed in the stern, and after a short service read by the Rev. W. H. Goudge, chaplain to H.M.S. "Excellent," it was dropped into the sea. The mourners on board included Mr. Douglas Scott, the late Admiral's son, Miss Rosemary Scott, his daughter, and Mr. Malcolm Scott, his brother. (Photograph by I.B.)

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AN UNKNOWN CIVILISATION.

(Continued from Page 816.)

students of Central American archæology. But, having regard to the extraordinary resemblance between the heads of the gods as shown in the Codex and on the mural paintings at Tulum, it seems almost certain that it was a product of the East Coast civilisation, probably within half a century of the arrival of the Spaniards in Yucatan, and, Tulum being the chief city of this civilisation, it is probable that the Codex originated there, and may have been the work of the same artist who produced the mural decorations.

The ruined city of Chacmool is situated on a peninsula dividing the San Espiritu from the Ascension Bay. It had never before been visited by Europeans, and the Indian who guided us to it had come across it accidentally when in pursuit of a wounded deer. The architecture is similar to the other East Coast sites—stucco-covered stone buildings standing upon stone-faced pyramids. Here, within a small insignificant temple, we discovered an image of the Chacmool, a gigantic human figure 8 ft. high, made of extremely hard cement, reclining on its back and elbows, the knees drawn up to the buttocks, the forearms and hands extended along the side of the thighs, and the head raised and turned to the left. It was clothed in cotton breast-plate with elaborate collar and maxtli, or apron, falling between the legs, wore sandals, armlets, and wristlets, and was coloured a uniform yellow, over which were painted geometrical devices in red and black.

It was by the merest accident that we discovered this statue, as it was completely buried in the accumulated dirt and rubbish of centuries, through which only the tops of the knees projected for a few inches. On removing the débris from round about it, we came upon a shell gorget, two greenstone beads, an ear-plug, fragments of the bones of a tapir, and a small pottery incense-burner. Some devotee, faithful even after the fall of his god, must have made this little offering before the dirt and débris had begun to accumulate round the statue. This was an extremely important discovery, as these Chacmool figures are purely of Toltec origin, and are found at only one

other Maya site—namely, Chichen Itza, where, after its conquest by the Toltecs, their religious and artistic influences were strongly developed. We named the city Chacmool after its tutelary deity.

More than twenty ruined sites, large and small, were visited along the East Coast, and we learnt from the few scattered fisher-folk with whom we came in contact of many more in the interior which we were unable to reach.

A great and practically virgin field is open to the archæologist along this coast and for many miles in the interior, and systematic exploration and excavation should not only uncover many new ruined sites, but should supply valuable information as to the habits and mode of life of the builders of the ruins which represent the last phase of the great Maya civilisation. Unfortunately, the place is inaccessible, and the Santa Cruz Indians, none too friendly at any time, will not allow anyone to penetrate to the hinterland in certain localities; while for tick flies, and every conceivable insect pest, the country is difficult to equal.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

A GALSWORTHY PORTRAIT AT THE HAYMARKET.

IF a single portrait can constitute a play, then "Old English," the new Galsworthy play at the Haymarket, is a big thing. Sylvanus Heythorp, the shipping magnate of twenty years ago, is superbly realised alike by Mr. Galsworthy as author and Mr. Norman McKinnel as actor. Whether he bullies co-directors or cows refractory shareholders, whether he gibes at the "holiness" of his self-righteous daughter or unbends to his winsome girl-grandchild, he is a commanding, impressive figure. Here is the playwright at his best; here is the most consummate and convincing piece of artistry Mr. McKinnel has achieved in a long and honourable career. But one could wish this gem of characterisation had had a better setting. Not, it may be added, from the producer, Mr. Lyall Swete, and his artists, who have done wonders with the Liverpool office, the domestic

interiors of 1905, the pictures, furniture, and voluminous skirts of the period; but from the dramatist, whose background for his hero is not quite worthy of his bigness, and has too much the aspect of patchwork. The little grand-daughter is played to perfection by dainty Joan Maude, and a neat thumbnail sketch is that of the young girl's mother, a sponging widow. Miss Irene Rooke's art hits her off happily.

"THE PELICAN." AT THE AMBASSADORS.

Captain Harwood and his wife, known to the public as Miss Tennyson Jesse, have between them written for the Ambassadors' an interesting play, the starting-point of which would seem to have been suggested by a recent law-case. In their prologue the authors of "The Pelican" show us a young mother offering to surrender her baby son to his putative father and grandfather and leave him to be brought up as heir in their hands; but neither the husband nor the husband's father will acknowledge blood relationship with the child, and the divorced wife goes off declaring that the boy is all hers. Seventeen years later the question of the boy's career assumes importance. Brought up in France, he nevertheless wishes to join the British Army, but the problem of his birth offers difficulties, which a friend suggests may be overcome by his being given an introduction to a high War Office official. Who should this Adjutant-General be, of course, but the boy's own father? The meeting of father and son is made to take place in the town-house of the family, and there the likeness between what the boy is and what the father was is supposed to be so striking that the grandfather, now senile, mistakes the lad for his own son. That scene of recognition, very touching and unforced, proves, thanks not a little to the beautiful acting of Mr. Frederick Kerr as the old man, to be the making of the play. Miss Josephine Victor plays the heroine's rôle not too effectively; what charm and personality can do on the stage is proved once more by Miss Rosina Filippi in a part by comparison insignificant. A similar compliment can be paid to Miss Mabel Terry Lewis; and good work is done by Mr. Herbert Marshall, Mr. Robert Andrews, Mr. Nicholas Hannen, Miss Elizabeth Pollock, and Mr. Charles Cherry.

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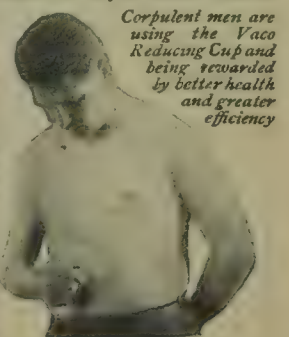
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BE the room what it may—a setting where quaint old prints bring out the sombre softness of antique oak, a beautiful harmony of mellow mahogany and rich carpets, a scheme of toned gilt of the French periods, or just a portion of an utility 1924 home—it can be made more appealing and alluring with "Nell Gwynn" Old World Candles. They set the seal of charm; they are the mark of personal artistry; they complete a picture of perfect taste, as can only these candles, made by a firm whose craftsmanship is a three century tradition.

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"Nell Gwynn" Candles are packed and priced as follows:

Long (12 ins.)	Medium (10 ins.)	Short (8 ins.)
4 in box	4 in box	4 in box
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Significant Statement. Mr. W. R. Morris, governing director of Morris Motors, Ltd., writes me the following letter, which speaks for itself and certainly provides a good deal of food for thought. He says: "At the present

the McKenna duties has been to deprive of work a very considerable number of people who would normally have been engaged on a production programme of 75,000 cars per year. At least 75 per cent. of the motor industry in this country is not paying a dividend, and a large number of concerns will have to be closed down under the present state of affairs—in fact, several failures have already occurred. The idea that under Protection British motor-manufacturers would form a ring to keep prices high and thus exploit the public is absolutely erroneous, for internal competition is sufficient guard against this. The Board of Trade figures referring to the motor industry and its allied trades for the months May–September of this year provide ample proof of the disastrous effects of the removal of the duties."

I think this letter can be left to stand on its own base—any comment from me would be out of place and redundant.

Six Cylinders Coming.

One impression I gathered at the Show was that the six-cylinder engine is rapidly advancing in popularity, if one is to judge by the numbers of cars ex-

hibited in which this type of motor is installed. Not so many years ago six cylinders were the monopoly of the really expensive cars. Now we are getting them in even the cheapest classes. Particularly among the American manufacturers this tendency to increase the number of cylinders is to be observed—so much so that, speaking without having made an exact analysis, I should say that there were more American cars with six-cylinder motors than with the four-cylinder type. Among the British and Continental constructors, too, there is a very strong tendency to go in for the greater number of cylinders, though the type has not superseded the "four" to anything like the extent which is observable

among the Transatlantic makers. As a rule, the "six" is a supplementary model, but it is not a little significant that it is usually on the small side. The generality of the new "sixes" are of about two litres total capacity—equal to a Treasury h.p. rating of about 17 to 18, which is a very practical dimension. How long it will take for the six definitely to oust the four remains to be seen, but I have no doubt at all but that ultimately it will prove to be the dominant type. I daresay I shall be told that there are many reasons why this should not come to pass; but I would remind the doubters that fifteen years ago people were saying the same thing about the four, and were arguing that for cheapness' sake the two-cylinder engine would always hold its own against the more complicated and expensive motor.

A Remarkable Record.

For a car built in 1904 to be still in daily service and giving complete satisfaction must be something of a record. It has transpired, however, that a Surrey motorist is using a 12-14-h.p. Sunbeam of this age.



A CAR FIT FOR A KING'S SON: THE DUKE OF YORK ENTERING A CROSSLEY AFTER UNVEILING THE NAVAL WAR MEMORIAL AT PORTSMOUTH.

time our concern is engaged on a programme which budgets for the production of 40,000 cars in the ensuing year. This is the same number that was budgeted for last year. If the McKenna duties had not been removed we should have gone out on a programme of 75,000 cars, the difference of 35,000 cars being what we expect—and not without reason—to be sold at reduced prices in this country by foreign manufacturers. During the past twelve months we have spent approximately a million pounds in installing new machinery and in organising new methods of production; and this, if the duties had not been repealed, would have enabled us to produce cars on a programme of 75,000 per year at prices appreciably lower than those we are now charging. We could, in consequence thereof, have done a large export business, which, under the present conditions, is practically impossible. It will thus easily be seen that the result of the repeal of



A NOTABLE EXHIBIT AT THE RECENT MOTOR SHOW: THE NAPIER STAND AT OLYMPIA.

In applying to the makers for new sprocket wheels for the chain drive, the owner of the car remarked that these were the only parts which required replacement. W. W.

PACKARD

(SIX CYLINDER)

EVERYONE feels so sure of Packard manufacture and Packard performance that the subject rarely arises for discussion—certainly never for debate. To this many owners have added another conviction equally significant.

They are certain that there is nothing to compare with the Single Six in continuous low cost of maintenance.

Fitted with four-wheel brakes.

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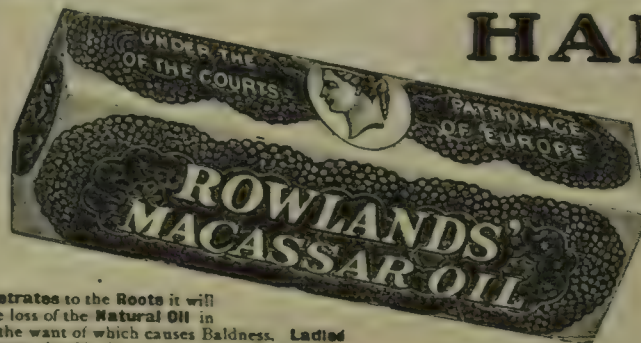
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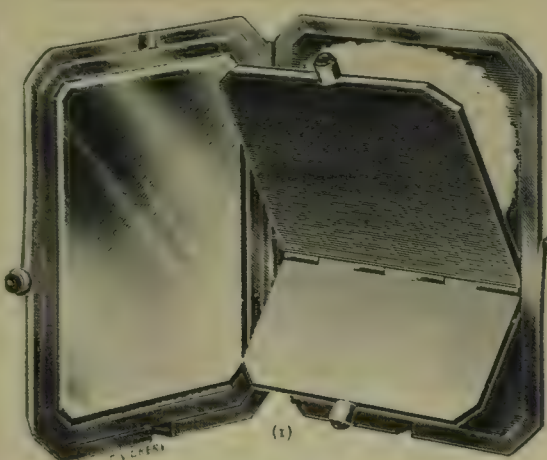
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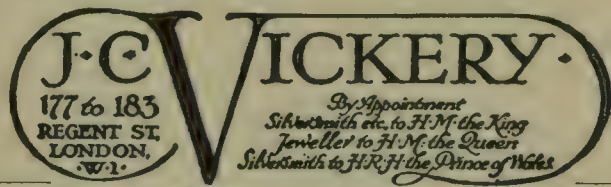
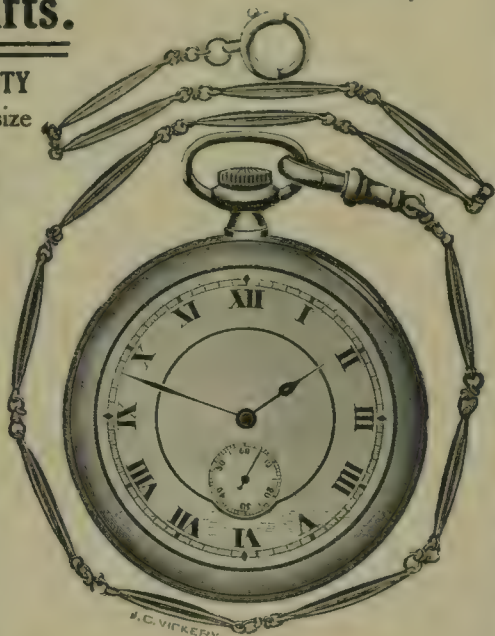
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A large selection of Vanity Cases in Gold, Silver, Tortoiseshell, &c., on view.

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garment—Warm Overcoat and Reliable Weatherproof. They exclude rain, yet are self-ventilating; provide snug warmth, yet are so light that on mild days they are, perhaps unexpectedly, still greatly comforting.

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Fashions and Fancies.

Hats for Every Occasion.

To contrast with her uncompromising straight silhouette in the sphere of frocks, Dame Fashion has created an astonishing diversity of hats this season. Three becoming models, each entirely different yet characteristic of the present modes, are pictured on this page. Actually, they may be studied at Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W. The one in the centre boasts a crown of black panne, a brim of velvet, and two magnificent ospreys. The small brown felt hat on the right with the turned-up brim is trimmed with a glycerine mount in shaded autumn tints. The remaining model is carried out in real Rodier duvetyn of a deep wine nuance completed with a bold chou of ribbon. The cost is 3½ guineas, and at this price there is a wide choice of attractive affairs in felt, hatter's plush, and panne, trimmed in many novel ways. One exceedingly distinctive model in black panne with the new high square crown can be secured for 59s. 6d., decorated with gay cockades of ribbon; and 4½ guineas is the cost of a delightful hat and scarf to match in kasha embroidered in Oriental colourings.

Evening Gowns for 7½ Guineas.

The woman with a restricted dress allowance need no longer sigh in vain for an evening frock from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., for this firm has opened a salon for inexpensive gowns, where there is an infinite choice of fascinating affairs

available for 7½ guineas. The three delightful evening frocks pictured on page 836 are each obtainable for this pleasantly moderate sum. The white frock in the centre has a complete tablier of jet and crystal beads, and the model portrayed on the right, in georgette plain and plissé, is richly embroidered in the front. The graceful dance frock on the left is expressed in georgette, the petalled draperies and skirt being picot-edged. These attractive frocks can be obtained in several lovely shades,

natural musquash cut with a graceful flare are obtainable for 33 guineas; and a lovely moleskin cape, suitable for afternoon or evening, is priced at 35 guineas. Then delightful evening wraps in pure white coney can be secured for £3 19s. 6d., and large black bear stoles range from 89s. 6d. They are very effective with the straight, simple coats which everyone is wearing to-day. This useful brochure will be sent gratis and post free to all readers of this paper.

An Economy Week.

No one must neglect to visit Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W., during their Economy Week, which begins on Monday next, Nov. 3. Throughout the week every department is offering wonderful bargains for the new season at specially reduced prices, and it is an opportunity which should not be missed. To all who apply mentioning the name of this paper a catalogue giving full particulars of the many prizes available will be sent gratis and post free.

Novelty of the Week.

The new "Polo Sweater" which has just made its appearance is an innovation which will delight every sports and country enthusiast. Perfectly plain, with a very high "turn-over" collar and long sleeves, it is ideal for sports of every description and for chilly days in the country. Made in pure Scotch knit wool in various shades, it can be secured for the modest sum of one guinea, direct from across the Border. To all readers who apply to this paper, I shall be very pleased to state where these delightful "Polo Sweaters" may be obtained.

Wine-coloured Rodier duvetyn completed with a large "chou" of ribbon to match expresses this becoming hat from Woollands.

A distinctive hat of black panne with a brim of velvet trimmed with ospreys. At Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W.

Glycerine feathers in shaded autumn tints adorn this little hat of beech-brown felt which may be studied at Woollands.

and there are many others equally enchanting which merit an early visit.

A Splendid Fur Book.

Every woman who is contemplating the acquisition of new furs should apply to Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., for the interesting brochure just issued by this firm. It contains numberless beautiful illustrations on thick art paper, ranging from coats of real mink costing 445 guineas to cravats of natural skunk costing only 79s. 6d. Fashionable coats of



The Newest Models in Overblouses.

Well-tailored Overblouse in heavy washing crepe of plain colours to tone with new suitings, rever front and small envelope pockets. Colours: wine, corn, mastic, brown, nattier & peach, also all white

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By appointment to
HER MAJESTY THE
QUEEN OF SWEDEN.



By appointment to
HER MAJESTY THE
QUEEN.



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HER MAJESTY THE
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LITTLE GIRLS' PARTY FROCKS

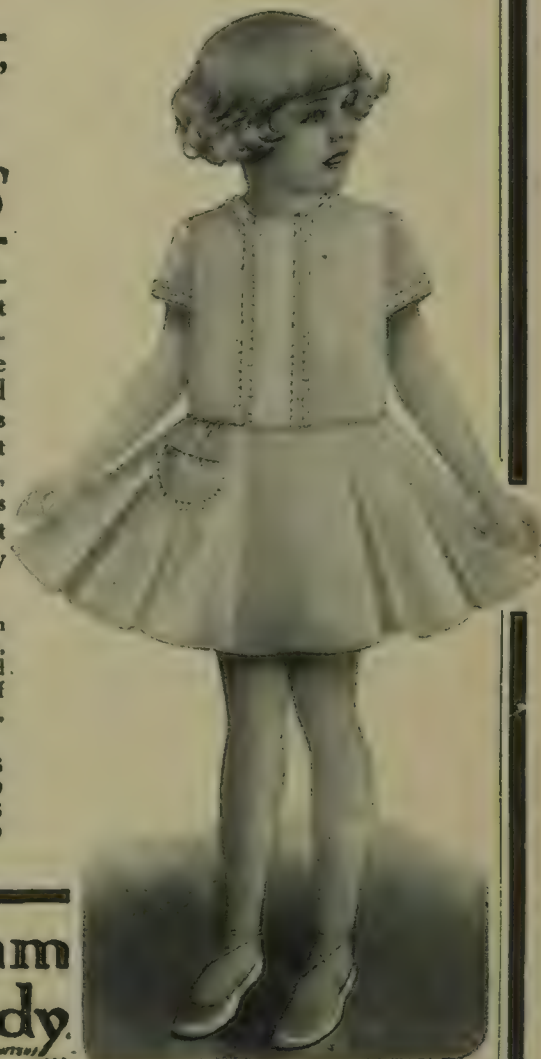
Our Children's Outfitting Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and has a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of all its productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert, and made by our own workers from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

DAINTY PARTY FROCK (as sketch) in good quality shot taffeta for little girl, skirt cut circular, and bodice and pocket trimmed tiny gossamer frills of lace. In shades of green/gold, apricot/white, blue/pink.

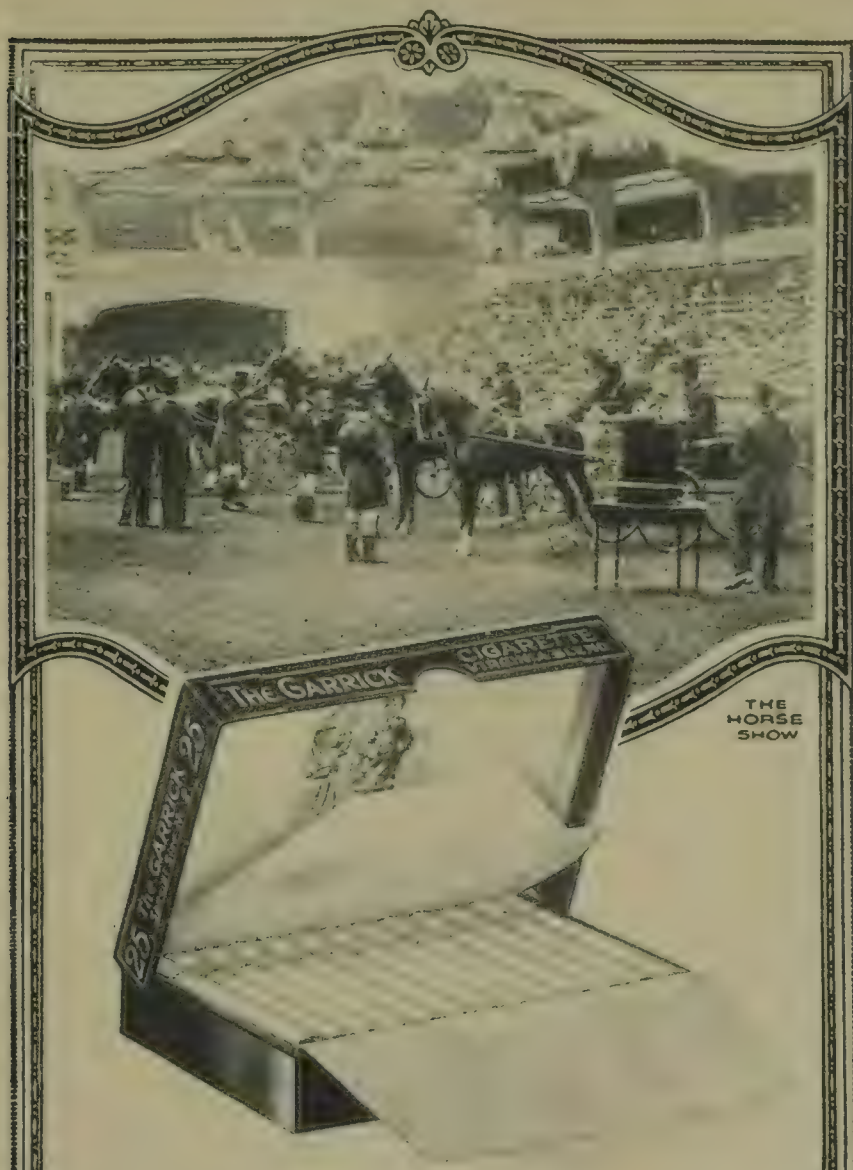
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Economy Week

COMMENCES MONDAY, NOV 3

This Season's Economy Week commences on Monday next, November 3rd, and in each department selections of good quality merchandise will be offered at special prices.

On Extreme Left.

84 EW. Woolback Satin Dressing Gown, plain wrap shape with roll collar and long sleeves. Useful garment, folding up into a bag of self material. Colours: Pink, Sky, Saxe, Rose, Lilac, and Purple.
Economy Week Price 36/9

On Near Left:

85 EW. English Quilted Silk Dressing Gown, as illustration, lined throughout with Floral Crepon; long sleeves and pocket. Colours: Pink, Sky, Saxe, Rose, Lilac, Purple and Black.
Economy Week Price 35/9

A catalogue of the Economy Week offers sent post free on application.

DICKINS & JONES
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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

O M LANONE (London).—Thanks for your special contribution, of which our first impressions are very favourable.

CHARLES H BATLEY (Providence, R.I., U.S.A.).—A good composer like yourself must surely know that if a problem can be solved in more ways than one it suffers from a fatal defect, whatever "the best standards" may say to the contrary. It is no use, however, crying over spilt milk, and we are pleased to see your new effort; but where is the mate if Black play 1. — R takes K B P?

M E JOWETT (Grange-on-Sands). You pay us a rather back-handed compliment in thinking we should publish a problem with such a solution as you submit for No. 3942. You have failed to notice that Q takes Kt is not the complete record of Black's reply.

J C STACKHOUSE (Torquay).—We are sorry we must include you in the number who have come to grief over No. 3942. One has to be very wary of the wily composer of two-movers nowadays.

I R D'ORCA PAIX (King's Lynn).—It is a matter of regret to us that we must greet your maiden appearance with a reply in the same terms as the answer above.

W C B (King's Lynn).—Your letter fully explains our difficulty with your previous solution. The position you send us possesses only historical interest; it belongs to a period dating back seventy or eighty years. As regards No. 3942, what do you do if Black replies, 1. — P Queens?

E SHACKLETON (Carlton).—We make every allowance for solvers at a distance, and credit you with pleasure for the solution of No. 3940; but for No. 3941 we must offer the consolation that you have gone astray in good company, as one often does in other things besides chess.

JOHN F BALCOMBE (Tooting).—We have carefully examined your amended positions of Problem No. 7, and find as follows. Position No. 1 appears to have no solution, for after 1. Kt to B 3rd Q takes B, 2. Q to Q 3rd (ch) K to K 4th, no mate follows. Position No. 2, on the other hand, has another solution by 1. B takes Kt (ch) K takes B, 2. Q to Kt 4th (ch) Kt to K B 5th, 3. Q takes Kt, mate. We would suggest you lay this aside for the time being and try for a new problem altogether.

T K WIGAN (Woking). We must apologise for the error, and have made the necessary correction as desired. With reference to the new contribution, it is very pretty in its details, but the key seemed to present itself with unusual alacrity, although that might be a purely lucky shot. As for consequent duals of "fatuus defences," let the legalists groan over them. We must congratulate you on the singular success of No. 3941.

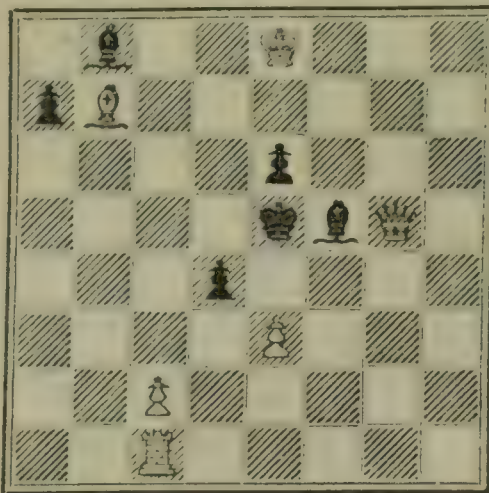
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3941.—By T. K. WIGAN.

WHITE
1. Kt to Q 7th
2. Mates accordingly.

Although in every respect an admirable composition, the surprising success of this problem is the way in which it has trapped even first-rate solvers. Apart from overlooking the paralysis of White's attack by the defence of 1. — B takes K, it is strange that to those who gave Kt to R 4th as the solution the reflex move of Kt to Q 7th did not suggest itself as a second method of doing it.

PROBLEM No. 3943.—By THE REV. C. C. W. SUMNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3937 received from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3939 from Howard Staunton (Kolar Gold Fields, South India), and J E Housman (Chicoutimi, Quebec); of No. 3940 from E Shackleton (Carlton); and of No. 3941 from F J

Falwell (Caterham), Arturo Shaw (Malaga), E J Gibbs (East Ham), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), C B S (Canterbury), F J Falwell (Caterham), S Caldwell (Hove), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), R P Nicholson (Crayke), M S Maughan (Barton-on-Sea), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), E J Gibbs (East Ham), J Fowler (Arundel), C H Watson (Masham), J Hunter (Leicester), J P Smith (Cricklewood), E W Punnett (South London), W N Powell (Ladbury), M Beach (Milton Bridge), R B N (Tewkesbury), J J Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), H W Satow (Bangor), J K M (South Croydon), E S G Driver (Lingfield), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), L W Caferata (Newark), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), W Kirkman (Hereford), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), and W Strangman Hill (Palmerstown).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3942 received from Violet Shackleton (Carlton), H Forbes Robinson (Thames Ditton), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), C B S (Canterbury), F J Falwell (Caterham), S Caldwell (Hove), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), R P Nicholson (Crayke), M S Maughan (Barton-on-Sea), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), E J Gibbs (East Ham), J Fowler (Arundel), C H Watson (Masham), J Hunter (Leicester), J P Smith (Cricklewood), E W Punnett (South London), W N Powell (Ladbury), M Beach (Milton Bridge), R B N (Tewkesbury), J J Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), H W Satow (Bangor), J K M (South Croydon), E S G Driver (Lingfield), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), L W Caferata (Newark), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), W Kirkman (Hereford), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), and W Strangman Hill (Palmerstown).

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played at Southsea in the Open Major Tournament of the British Chess Federation, between Messrs. A. RUBINSTEIN and G. B. HEATH.

(Kieseritzky Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Kt to Kt 6th	
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	12. Kt to K 6th	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th		
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th		
5. Kt to K 5th			
Constituting the Kieseritzky Gambit. The pleasure of meeting such a delightful old friend in a modern tourney must be our apology for giving an example at once so brief and so brilliant.			
6. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd		
7. P takes P	P to Q 4th		
8. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd		
9. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to R 4th		
10. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q B 4th		
11. Kt takes P			
(at B 4th)			

Up to this point the moves are identical with those of a famous game in which Zukertort beat Steinitz in the Vienna Congress of 1882. The latter now played P to B 3rd; but the text reply seems a more attacking continuation.

12. Q B takes Kt
If P takes Kt, 13. P takes P is good enough, as the Black King is left uncovered, with insufficient time to protect him.

13. P takes B
Q takes Q P
14. Q takes Q
P takes Q
15. P to K 7th
R to B sq
16. B takes P (ch)
K to R sq
17. B to K 6th
Kt to B 3rd
18. Kt to B 7th (ch)
K to Kt sq
19. Kt to Q 8th
(dis ch)
Resigns.

A finely won finish, all the more remarkable in that it was so short a variant from a classical example giving an opposite result.

Insomnia

Indigestion

The worst form of sleeplessness is that which arises from indigestion. If your nights are troubled begin a course of Cassell's Tablets at once.

Safe—Sure—Quick.

Mr. Vine's Experience.

Mr. J. Vine, 76, Cranbury Avenue, Southampton, sends the following testimony: "For seven years I suffered from indigestion, which caused pain after everything I ate, and flatulence also. Often I vomited all I had eaten, and I became so thin and weak that I could not keep at work. I was unable to sleep properly, and when I did doze off I was awakened by the pain. I tried many different things but nothing relieved me until I got Cassell's Tablets. Then the pain and flatulence ceased, and I soon regained strength and put on flesh. Now I feel in the pink of condition."



TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME

and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown Neuritis Indigestion Sleeplessness
Neurasthenia Nerve Pains Headache Anaemia Palpitation
Kidney Weakness Children's Weakness Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

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Sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

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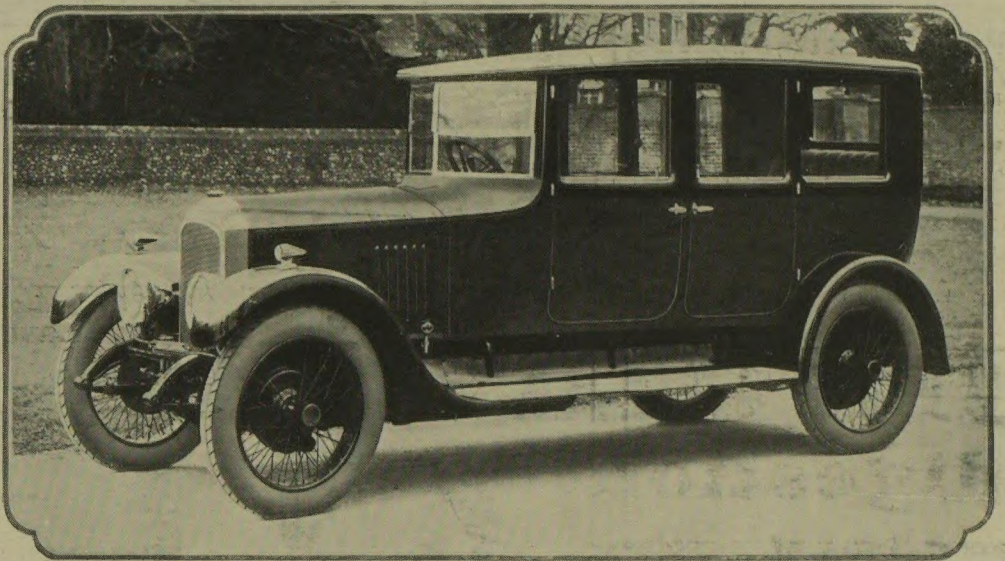
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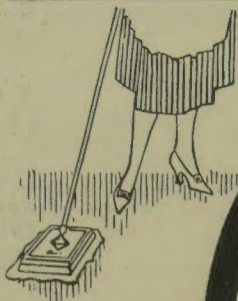
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